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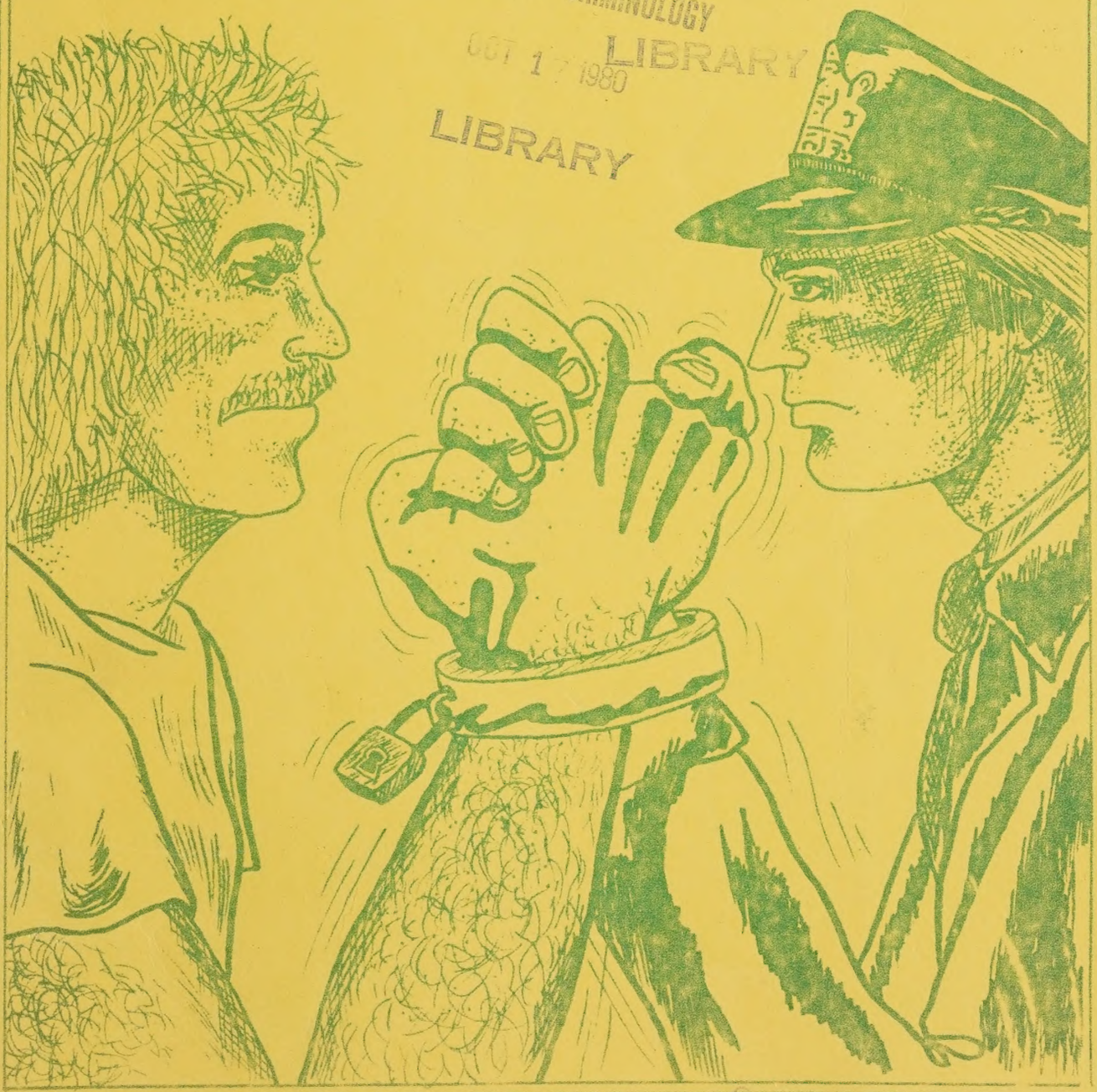

by bob eby

WARDEN WILLIE GIBBS first came to work at Springhill medium-security Institution back in 1967 when, because there were no inmates here, "taking a bed count" is literally what they did. And, except for a one year stint in Ottawa around 1975, his tenure here has been continuous, right up until the end of last month when he left for the green of Ottawa (Hull, more specifically) to participate in the Career Assignment Program of the federal civil service, where he'll be taking upgrading training in public administration.

To praise a man it is obvious that you have to address yourself to what he does, because even in a massage parlour, actions and the quality thereof speak louder than words and looks. But, for a prisoner with more experience behind bars than he likes to think about,praising a penitentiary warden for what he does is a difficult and soul-searching task. The challenge exists because of a basic difference in values between those who find themselves on the wrong end of the "correctional" stick and those holding membership to the club.

Willie Gibbs, as warden of this prison, more than just symbolically represented the society which not only holds us locked behind prison bars (and most of us for non-violent crimes against property for which less than $300 was actually displaced) but which also continues to recreate the societal conditions of poverty and inequality of opportunity that influence people to make choices which lead to criminal behaviour. The nature of a warden's job sets him up for censure by those who disagree with the way the system treats people.

Willie Gibbs' response to that kind of criticism would probably go something like, "No-body made them make that bad choice,we didn't make anybody come here... and when they get here, we don't treat them all that badly." And, for the most part, as far as that kind of statement goes, and with regard to the greatest majority of prisoners' experience at this particular institution since Willie Gibbs took authority in his various positions, from classification officer, to Head of Classification, to Assistant Director (Socialization) and then Warden, he would be right.

Willie Gibbs in my experience was the best of the new school of prison wardens. If he was pissed off at you, he was a hard man to talk to (so who isn't!) but, for the most part, and on most occasions, he would give you your chance to state your case. And, after the arguments were all in, he made many more fair decisions than he did unfair ones. If there was a benefit of the doubt to be had,you had a good chance of getting it from Willie Gibbs. He didn't try to please everyone. He quite often took a stance against what staff expected from him. He did what appeared to be his best to arrive at what was fair and for the benefit of the most people. Having said that, there is no doubt there are individuals with grievances against the man for things real and imagined, but there aren't many people who can say that he messed them up without provocation. Those who do have legitimate complaints are justifiably addressing themselves to what wardens do for a living -- it's the nature of the job, and why I have the problem I am having with telling you of my grudging respect for the man.

And, I guess that's the best way for me to say it... always, in no matter what situation or circumstances you found yourself with the former warden at this prison, you were dealing with a man, a human being who always tried to relate to your side of things.

Good Luck, Mr. Gibbs.

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!!!! CAUTION !!!!!

The COMMUNICATOR is an adult publication, and as such will use language commonly used by prisoners and other adults & groups. SWEAR WORDS, though will be restricted to the FICTION SECTION so that those who are offended by the sight of FOUL LANGUAGE can avoid being exposed.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, rethink your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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IN THE BAG

Dear Bob Eby,

Thank you for your June 16th letter. I think you've given a lot of thought to the Grygier article, and you and GREG SCOTT are taking a cautious approach to some of his proposals, and wisely so. Not having been "inside" myself, it's hard for me to imagine what the reaction of inmates would be to his 'open prison' in the far north. I think personally, I'd rather be there than in a conventional walled & barred prison cell, but then, I'm used to solitude, as we live in a remote (from Montreal) rural area. I do agree with you completely that too many 'social scientists' tend to take a remote observer's stance, rather than becoming personally involved, which is the only path to understanding. Also, I agree that there is too much emphasis in placing blame on 'them' (the inmates of prisons) rather than at least sharing it with society as a whole, and the conditions that led to a particular crime are too often not understood or taken into account. However, there is also an area of individual responsibility for actions, and these cannot be written off. Its a complex situation with no easy answers.

As an 'outsider' I feel that some of the things Grygier proposes have merit, for example, the concept 'not retribution, but restitution' and to the idea of paying prisoners a fair wage for work done so they can look after family commitments, pay their own way, and, in some cases, make cash settlements as repayment to injured parties.

I think you may be correct in thinking Grygier may have done a 'snow job' on some Canadian penal authorities by making dramatic use of his own Russian prison experience, this, I suppose, being an all too human reaction.

My own thinking is that society as a whole must take preventative steps to avert crime & punishment -- put up the road signs & flashing lights before the car plunges over the cliff from a narrow road. Right now, we're all too busy picking up & patching the pieces together to think about what went on before the accident, and how it might be prevented. I'm not a student of sociology, but I do know the most expensive real estate in the world is the slum area of any large city, and slum landlords & corrupt officialdom have much to answer for. And as long as the main thrust of our society is a dollar profit, rather than the riches of human values, we're in trouble.

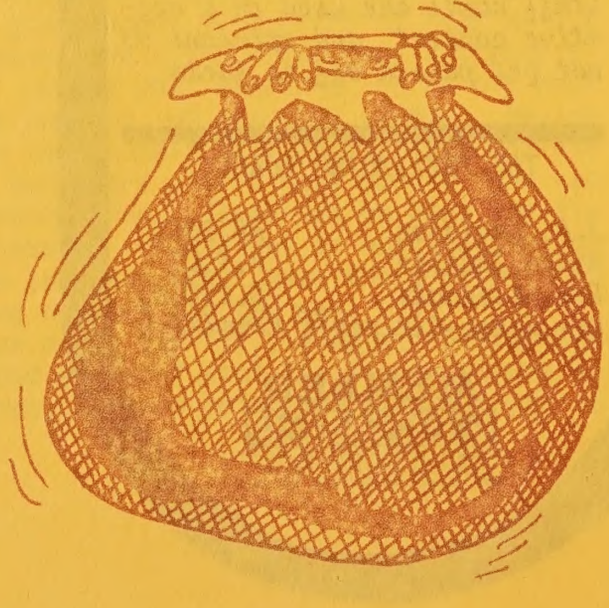
As far as The Communicator is concerned, I think you fellows are doing a fantastic job. Every issue contains some thought-provoking writing of high calibre.

A very concrete example is your LINDA PYKE editorial. I wrote SHEILA MARTINDALE of SOUTH WESTERN ONTARIO POETRY journal about it, & learn from her that she also liked it, and has been in touch with you about re-printing it, which she wants to do soon. Congrats! I will therefore send out the copies you sent me to other mags whose geographic area does not compete with S.W.O.P. & will let you know if anything develops. Meanwhile, Sheila has sent me a copy of Linda Pyke's book of poems, PRISONER, which I'm looking forward to reading. Sheila Martindale also recently published my first chapbook of poems THE BRIDGE which I'm really happy about.

You are doing a fantastically fine job with The Communicator, carrying on in the excellent tradition set by Greg Scott. When you are in touch with him, please give him my best regards.

Keep up the good work, and Best to You, Always.

Jack Brooks
St. Alphonse
Quebec



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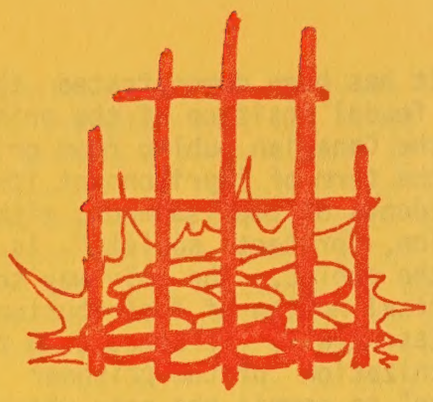


(Vancouver Free Press) by Michael Mandel

IN OCTOBER 1976, WITH THREE OF ITS MAXIMUM SECURITY PENITENTIARIES a shambles, the federal government took what I believe to be an unprecedented stop in Canadian prison politics and appointed an all-party Commons committee to investigate the penitentiary system. After seven months of public and private hearings and visits to penal institutions in Canada and the United States, the co-mittee produced a report containing, among other things, thirteen principles and sixty-five recommendations.

I think that these principles,recommendations and their reception by the penitentiary bureaucracy are worth talking about. This not because they are good or bad or anything of that sort. . .I want to talk about the Mac Guigan Report because of what it reveals aboht the nature of imprisonment in CAnada by virtue of the ideology of prison reform which informs the whole report.

If I were to choose a passage which best epitomizes the report, it would not be any of those poignant italicized quotes from the many brief submitters or philosophers that decorate it. Nor would I pick the committee's own ringing declarations.

No, the one I would choose comes very near the beginning of the report (Paragraph 20) in the form of this unassuming sentence: "The Sub-Committee Members set aside party politics completely and immediately went to work as a team."

What is so significant about this sentence? Is it ironic? Not at all. Not only did the members produce a unanimous report, but they have been united ever since in their commitment to it.

The signifance of this sentence lies in its accuracy, in the fact that four political parties which flail away at each other so viciously every day about every issue under the sun, could agree so completely about prison reform.

Can you imagine the Liberals, Tories, N.D.P. and Creditistes "putting aside party politics" if the issue were unemployment or inflation or government spending or the right to strike? Looked at this way, consensus in the cont of prison reform is nothing short of miraculous. What could possibly explain it?

Now it could be that crime and its punishment are intrinsically "non-political." This would be extraordinary but not inconceivable. But can it be true? Is it just a coincidence that the likelihood of winding-up in prison is so much higher the poorer you are and so much lower the richer you are, that the rate of imprisonment for individuals and Canadians as a whole varies directly with socioeconomic status and the majority of those in prison, including those in penitentiaries, are there for trying to obtain illegally what their betters can simply purchase? What Lucas wrote in 1836 is as true as ever today: "Visit the places where people are judged, imprisoned or executed. . .One thing will strike you everywhere; everywhere you see two quite distinct classes of men, one of which always meets on the seats of the accusers and judges, the other on the benches of the accused."

UNTIL POVERTY IN THE MIDST OF WEALTH, UNEMPLOYMENT, INEQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY AND ALL THE OTHER BLIGHTS OF CANADIAN SOCIETY CEASE TO BE POLITICAL ISSUES IT WILL NOT BE POSSIBLE TO MAINTAIN THAT CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT, PRISON OR OTHERWISE, ARE INTRINSICALLY NON-POLITICAL.

Prison is no less political than any other of the issues with which it is so closely connected. Yet, if this Report is at all representative, prison is clearly regarded as non-political. That it is so has very definite consequences.

Specifically, the artificial de-politicization of prisons sets narrow limits on the nature of prison reform. It reduces prison reform to a technology of manipulation, leaving untouched the basic relations of prisoner and keeper and their concomitant ideology. . .

It has been demonstrated that there is not one shred of evidence that the feudal position of the prisoner adds anything at all to the protection of the Canadian public from crime (beyond whatever protection is provided by the term of imprisonment itself). In fact, the notion that any of these incidents of imprisonment, either through deterence, isolation or rehabilitation, "protects society" is one of the biggest frauds ever perpetrated on the public. The only way to defend all this is through recourse to the mystical notion of "retribution" (or as they now call it, "denunciation").

Essentially it comes down to this: the powerlessness and complete dehumanization of the prisoner is "deserved" because the prisoner "freely chose" to commit the acts which led to the penalty. This "free choice" is, naturally, completely abstracted from the real social circumstances of the prisoner, be it his or her unemployment, low paying job or what-have-you (also, no doubt, freely chosen), as it is abstracted, conveniently enough, from the real social circumstances of those who arrogantly condemn, from their comfortable, freely chosen, seats of power and prosperity. This is not the place to undertake a philosophical critique of the notion of dessert. That has been more than adequately done already. The main point is that this powerlessness and dehumanization has nothing to do with "the protection of society"...

Well, this was the situation in the fall of 1976 when the penitentiaries exploded. Was it the cause of the violence? There are many senses of "cause." What seemed to touch off the violence was an almost unbelievable brutality and provocation on the part of the guards. But this operated against a backdrop which simultaneously gave the guards all sorts of arbitrary power, fostered a view of the prisoner as sub-human, and left him/her no legal means of resistance. Whether this "caused" the outbreak of violence or not, in this context it seems to me that violence was inevitable.

How have things changed since then? There has been a period of calm which the Report accurately notes was probably due to the hopes raised by the investigation that there would be a fundamental change. But this period of calm seems to be ending. . .and part of the reason has to be that the structure of power. . .has escaped virtually unscathed. . .

CANADIAN PENITENTIARY PRISONERS ARE CREATURES WITHOUT LEGAL RIGHTS. THEY ARE IN A STATE OF OBSOLUTE SUBJUGATION TO A SYSTEM OF PERVASIVE THREATS AND PUNISHMENTS ADMINISTERED ACCORDING TO THE UNFETTERED WILL OF THE PENITENTIARY AND PAROLE AUTHORITIES. THIS SYSTEM OF POWER HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE PROTECTION OF THE CANADIAN PUBLIC FROM CRIME.

The MacGuigan Committee, set up with the task of immediately bringing to an end a crisis of unprecedented proportions, has chosen to leave this system of power essentially unaltered. Instead, its primary strategy in seeking to prevent a repetition of the events of 1976 has been to attempt to have greater control exercized over the personnel who are to administer the same old system (albeit somewhat sharpened in its ability to react to new crises and somewhat pacified by a few temporary palliatives for the prisoners themselves). It has sought to do this by strengthening the hand of the penitentiary bureaucracy in choosing and dealing with its own front line staff. In this it has succeeded in so far as the techniques it has recommended have been consistent with the bureaucracy's own conceptions of efficiency. But it has also sought, through various supervisory methods, to control the bureaucracy itself. In this it has failed utterly.

Now it is my thesis that these strategies, which will no doubt be resisted by the prisoners, have been determined by an ideology of prison and prison reform as old as the penitentiary itself. . .

As its first 'Principle', the MacGuigan Report adopted a stance on imprisonment which begins: "The purposes of imprisonment are the protection of society and the denunciation of criminal behaviour." . . . As I stated earlier, the "protection of society" bit is just so much window dressing. The operative words are "the denunciation of criminal behaviour.". . .

As a corollary to "denunciation" the Report goes on to reject the notion of "rehabilitation" for what it calls "personal reformation-which emphasizes the personal responsibility of the prisoners interested."

The bizarre lengths to which that committee was determined to take this notion of individual responsibility is nicely illustrated by the raptures into which they flew over the "social therapy techniques" developed at the Oak Ridge Division of the Ontario Mental Hospital at Penetanguishene where patients learn "the acceptance of individual responsibility for past behaviour." Penetanguishene's Dr. Boyd is now on contract to the Solicitor

General to develop a similar program for penitentiaries. To grasp fully the twisted significance of this, one has to remember that Oak Ridge is a mental hospital, the prisoners of which also include a large number of people who have been acquitted of crimes by reason of insanity. In other words, it is a place where "individual responsibility" is foisted upon those who are not even legally let alone morally responsible for their acts.

To return to the beginning, the function of the twin concepts of denunciation and individual responsibility is to preclude recognition of the prisoner as a political being, and hence to preclude recognition of the prisoner's powerlessness as any part of the prison "problem." This in turn precluded recognition of any possibility of structural change. Thus,the MacGuigan Committee could only offer a change in personnel. In this way,crime and punishment are de-politicized,abstracted from their real class character. According to Foucault, this is precisely why the penitentiary was invented in the first place, not to prevent crime but to "distinguish," "distribute" and "use" it, to de-politicize it. This is also why all the essential incidents of the penitentiary, including its recurrent "failure" and "reform," were there from the very beginning, and why prison reformers,from the very beginning up to this report have always "offered the prison as its own remedy."

EDITOR'S NOTE: MICHAEL MANDEL is an Associate Professor at Osgoode Hall Law School, and has been an active member of the Law Union of Ontario.

LAST RAP WITH WILLIE

by BOB EBY

WILLIE GIBBS has been the warden here since 1976. Except for one year that he spent in Ottawa, 1975, he has been working either here or at Dorchester since the spring of 1966. He is now moving on. He begins a 14 week training course in September which is called C.A.P. or Career Assignment Program. The training will prepare him for a senior position in public administration. After completing the C.A.P. training he will be assigned to a department he is unfamiliar with to prepare him for a posting at the end of the program. During the interview Mr. Gibbs expressed his desire to stay in corrections but did say he is interested in gaining experience outside what has been a lengthy and challenging career.

COMMUNICATOR: I understand that as of January past, directors of institutions became wardens again. Does this mean that you now have more direct authority?

WILLIE GIBBS: Well, I don't think that the name changed for that particular reason. I think the name changed because, one reason, is there were too many directors, people identified as directors in various jobs in corrections. Take for example the parole service part of the C.S.C.; all the managers are directors. The various division heads in Ottawa are called directors... it made for too many directors. So, they reverted to the word warden for major institutions and superintendent for minimum security institutions. The other reason, I think, is that we had a lot of consultation and work with accreditation teams and other organizations in the last year-and-a-half or two years, and because the Americans have always stayed with the old term warden and superintendents, we decided to too.

COMMUNICATOR: Do you think that might be an unfortunate move back to using the term guard when you're talking about correctional officers and living unit staff?

WILLIE GIBBS: Well, no. Up til now we;ve got back to the terms warden, assistant wardens, keepers; you know, like in the old days, keepers instead of senior correctional officers. We haven't reached yet the guard level... they're still called security officers and so on. I don't see that as bad or anything. I mean, a name means nothing to me. Anyway, what's in a name? You know, whether I'm called warden or director doesn't matter; it's how I go about doing my job that counts. The same applies to a person who is in uniform as opposed to a person who is not... it doesn't really matter. It's who is underneath, you know, what he does, what kind of heart has he got. So, really, I don't think it's a step backward. I think there was a rationale behind it and, hopefully, we won't change it in another year. I think that's bad... you know, if every other year we have to change. Surely, now that we have gone back to warden it'll stay that way for twenty years anyway.

COMMUNICATOR: The Life Skills Program. Life Skills has been cancelled at this institution. Why was the Life Skills Program cancelled?

WILLIE GIBBS: Okeh. I can't speak for the rest of the country. But,there seems to be a trend recently when Life Skills has not had the push or impetus it had a few years ago in adult education. As a result there hasn't been hardly any Life Skills coach training going on and there are no graduates, no coaches available. We found that very unfortunate here. I'm not sure if outside, you know, in the education modules they have outside, if they feel it is as necessary as we feel it is here. I always thought that Life Skills was a good programme because a lot of inmates not going to school never had the opportunity to learn about various things that they were learning in Life Skills... family living, budgetting, whatever. But we couldn't find a coach. We looked. We haven't had the programme since the lady left back last fall, and we looked for a coach for three or four months after that in conjunction with the Department of Education. They kept coming back with "Well, we can't find anyone." We finally hired another teacher to fill the vacancy because we were going to lose our money.

COMMUNICATOR: That's how the G.E.D. programme got started?

WILLIE GIBBS: Yeh.

COMMUNICATOR: Are you able to balance G.E.D., which is really a demonstration of equivalency rather than actual ability to do the specific level of high school work, are you able to balance that off against a thing like Life Skills? Is G.E.D. the best answer available?

WILLIE GIBBS: Well, we always wanted to try courses at the intermediate level here, okeh. And, you know, it seems to be working out alright. I mean, if I had my preference I'd have Life Skills training here. But, G.E.D. is the best we can do with the position we have available. I can't speak very much about G.E.D. from a first-hand knowledge, but, you know, I was involved in Life Skills. Every course the lady there would invite me and I would spend a half day with them...

COMMUNICATOR: She put you to work...

WILLIE GIBBS: She put me to work... that was fine. So I have an appreciation of it directly; I don't have one of G.E.D. I haven't had any feedback but I think it's working okeh.

COMMUNICATOR: We've had a number of new programmes set up under your authority and I already know that you feel pretty good about that, and for some pretty good reasons. But, being the kind of person who's always saying, "however," what do you think of the notion that because so many people in the institution are now being encouraged to get into labour intensive occupations like Electronic Data Processing (E.D.P.)and the Scott Paper Tree Nursery -- there is about a quarter or more of the population involved in those two jobs, which men and boys are paid to work at -- what do you think of the notion that too many youngsters are being drawn into working at paying jobs here who might be better off in educational and trades training courses?

(Continued behind Poetry Section)

OFFICIAL OPENING

by Bob Eby

COMMISSIONER of CORRECTIONS, DONALD YEOMANS, OFFICIALLY OPENED THE SCOTT PAPER COMPANY'S tree nursery here at Springhill Medium-Security on Monday, the 21st of July. And, would you believe it, he did it at 8:30 in the morning... yeh, 8:30 on a MONDAY morning....

But, if you've been keeping an eye open for what the correctional types have been doing over the last year or so, you'll already be aware of the fact that Commissioner Yeomans isn't used to doing things in the usual ways. Since he came to office as the Commissioner of Canada's Correctional Service, he has created quite a stir. He talks in terms of "making the system more self-sufficient," "having prisoners pay their keep," and "giving people in prisons something to do with their time besides lounging around thinking up ways of getting into trouble." Since the day he took over in the late fall of '78, people in the know have been anticipating the coming in of "the work ethic" and it didn't take the new commissioner long to demonstrate the accuracy of those anticipations. Prisoners all across the country are now busier than they've ever been while serving sentences in the federal prison system.

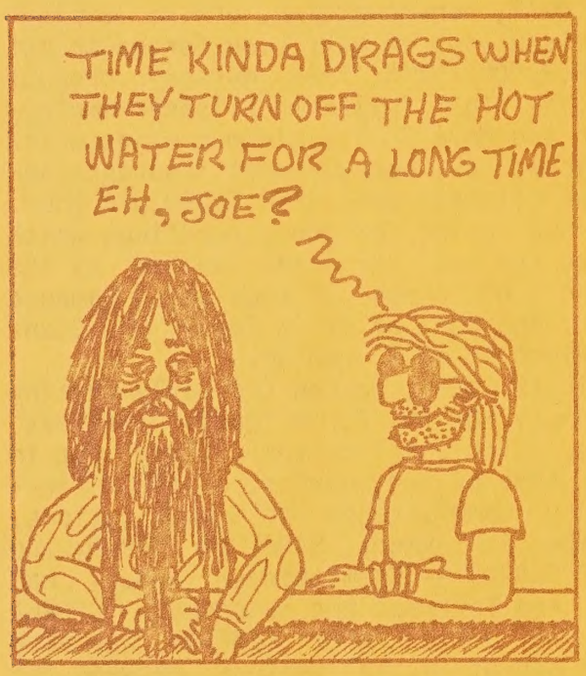
A departure from the usual kind of dull, non-rewarding, prison employment that prisoners in the Canadian prison system have been forced to get used to over the years is the SCOTT PAPER COMPANY'S tree nursery project Commissioner Yeomans was here to open. The eight full-time prisoner employees working at the tree nursery earn the Nova Scotia minimum wage, which means that after paying their board, income tax, unemployment insurance and Canada Pension Plan premiums, they clear slightly more than $1.80 per hour. They spend a full working-day planting and caring for young seedlings which will eventually end up being forests to replace the woods damaged by the Spruce Budworm infestation. With around 5,000 acres of woodlands damaged by the budworm in Nova Scotia each year, and most of it in Cumberland County, job security on the SCOTT PAPER project is at a premium.

Warden of Springhill Institution, WILLIE GIBBS, hosted the early-morning affair. It was he who had to get up Monday morning for an "early breakfast" with the Commissioner and his entourage. With a helicopter sitting out in the parking lot and while surrounded by some of the heaviest of the correctional heavies -- people like the Deputy Commissioner of Communications, JOHN BRAITHWAITE; the Minister of Inmate Employment, MARJORIE DAVID; the Regional Director (Maritimes), ROBERT CLARKE -- Commissioner Yeomans was accompanied by the Minister of Lands and Forests, the Honourable GEORGE HENLEY. Mr. BOB MURRAY, Vice President of SCOTT PAPER COMPANY was also there, representing his company in this one-of-a-kind venture between the private business sector and the Canadian government. SCOTT PAPER COMPANY'S tree nursery is the first time in Canadian penological history that a private company has come into a prison and established an industry. And, in the words of WARDEN WILLIE GIBBS, "They brought a sense of reality with them. Inmates can now feel they are part of the bigger world outside."

During the few words Commissioner Yeomans delivered, he praised SCOTT PAPER COMPANY as being "among the finest of corporate Canadian citizens." He explained that when he was first approached about the tree nursery project he was afraid it would get lost in the government bureaucracy, so he turned the reins over to SCOTT PAPER COMPANY and gave them their head. He said they have proved the wisdom of that choice by what he was surrounded by that mid-July Monday morning. He said that what SCOTT PAPER COMPANY accomplished in the one year period since the project was first put on the drawing board is something which will be a milestone in Canadian correctional history. He thanked all who were involved -- beginning with the person who wrote the original brief, WAYNE STRUTHERS of the Truro Parole Office, through to the institutional staff here like HARRY VAN SCHAAYK, Assistant Warden in charge of Industries and the Carpenters Industrial boss, TOM SCOTT, who supervised the more than 65 prisoner employees who were hired by SCOTT PAPER COMPANY during the construction phase of the project.

When the Honourable George Henley, Minister of Lands and Forests spoke, it was very obvious just how impressed he was with the layout we stood surrounded by. His enthusiasm for the SCOTT PAPER COMPANY'S achievement was demonstrated best when he asked who had designed the plant and was told that it was the creation of SCOTT PAPER'S, PAUL BOURQUE. Minister Henley propositioned Paul Bourque, openly suggesting that he would buy the plans for his department any time they were for sale. He told the gathering that the layout of the tree nursery was the most advanced he had seen during his tours of Canadian, American and European forestry installations.

After the opening ceremonies were concluded, Commissioner Yeomans was interviewed by a number of the local media people who were on hand. In answer to a question put to him by KEN MAHER of the AMHERST DAILY NEWS, and member of the CITIZEN'S ADVISORY COMMITTEE at this institution, about why the Canadian Correctional Service would want to build more minimum-security prisons if it was true that minimum-security Canadian institutions were populated by non-violent offenders and that the C.S.C. wanted to reduce the number of non-violent offenders in prisons, Maher's challenge was met with "It's a fair question why anyone should be in prison for non-violent property crimes." Commissioner Yeomans went on to say, "We want to treat non-violent criminals non-violently" and "our prisons are now made up of 64% non-violent people and we are working at reducing that number." He also said that "those people who advocate building no more prisons because of the past tendency to fill them once built should tour the American prison system as he had and they would see prisons where there are three and four prisoners crammed into a cell, where conditions are far worse than they are anywhere in Canada. He said that the Canadian system is way ahead of the American system. He also said that getting the community more involved in the correctional process is what is needed to continue to improve upon the Canadian approach to corrections and criminal justice.



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GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

KILLING WITH KINDNESS

the genteel notion of using drugs could give the death penalty a real shot in the arm

OPINION

by SCOTT CHRISTIANSON

THE ADOPTION BY AT LEAST THREE STATES AND THE SERIOUS STUDY BY SEVERAL more of a new method of execution could signal the start of a "death march" in this country the likes of which Americans have never seen.

In 1977, Oklahoma became the first state to institute lethal injection as the prescribed form of official killing. Texas enacted a similar statute the next day, followed by Idaho in 1978. So-called needle bills have been introduced in Florida, South Carolina, Washington and Nevada.

Oklahoma's measure provides for a dual administration of drugs — one to render the prisoner unconscious, the second to kill him when (theoretically) he is unable to feel any pain. The Texas version simply calls for a condemned person to be injected with a lethal dose of an "ultrashort-acting barbituate," for which prison officials have selected sodium thiopental, the so-called truth serum. Proponents hail it as the quickest, most cost-effective means of destruction yet devised. "I hesitate to use the word pleasant," explains one supporter, "but it would be just like going in, lying down and going to sleep." Witnesses no longer would have to endure the grisly spectacle of roasting flesh, bulging eyeballs or squirting blood. The executioner can wear a white coat.

This gimmick comes at a time when the polls show public support for capital punishment to be about as strong as Nixon's margin was in 1972, and Nixon's Supreme Court has held that, on second thought, "the punishment of death does not invariably violate the Constitution." Although only one court-ordered execution has been conducted in the U.S. since 1967, the prospective customers are lining up on death rows around the country — 161 at last count.

Like its predessors — the guillotine, firing squad, electric chair and gas chamber — the latest innovation is being promoted on "humanitarian" grounds as the best that modern science can offer for the rapid extinguishment of human life. The chilling prospect is that this supposed humaneness may make executions easier to pronounce, administer and rationalize, while failing to quench the underlying thirst for bloody revenge that the High Court itself conceded is "an expression of society's moral outrage at particularly offensive conduct." Meanwhile, criminologists warn that society, like a child with a new toy, often tends to use a new execution method with extraordinary frequency until the novelty wears off. Now that drugs are involved, official killing might, indeed, prove addictive.

The legal and physiological and psychological details of lethal injection remain shrouded in mystery. Once the exclusive tool of hit men, Nasis, spies and hospitals, court-ordered needle killings were not publically suggested here until 1973, when Ronald Reagan remarked:

"Being a farmer and horse raiser, I know what it's like to try to eliminate an injured horse by shooting him. Now you call the veterinarian and the vet gives it a shot and the horse goes to sleep — that's it. I myself have wondered if maybe this isn't part of our problem (with capital punishment) and if maybe we should review and see if there aren't even more humane methods now — the simple shot or tranquilizer. I think there should be more study on this to find out, is there a more humane way, can we still improve our humanity?"

Intravenous injection of various drugs in fatal dosage was studied during the Forties and Fifties by the British Royal Commission on Capital Punishment and rejected after the British Medical Association concluded:

"No medical practitioner should be asked to take part in bringing about the death of a convicted murderer. The association would be most strongly opposed to any proposal to introduce . . . a method of execution that would require the services of a medical practitioner, either in carrying out the actual process of killing or in instructing others in the technique of the process."

Lacking such a stand by the American Medical Association, U.S. critics nevertheless insist that successful (nonexcruciating, to use the British term) intravenous injection of a poisonous substance would require the services of medically trained personnel, all of whom are barred from complicity by codes of professional conduct. But so far, the courts remain unconvinced.

Most opponents are against any method of execution; they simply reject the idea of killing people who killed people to show that killing people is wrong. But the sudden introduction of a "mercy quotient" into the debate has thrown some liberals into a quandary" Should they base their arguments upon their opposition to the death penalty per se, or should they tailor their suits to fit the peculiar form of its latest manifestations?

By now it should be clear that mere moral assertions can no longer decide the debate over capital punishment. Rather, lethal injection and the rest must be combatted not only because they are wrong but also because they perpetuate the very evils they're professed to correct. Every time an "improved" mode of execution is introduced, somebody invariably swears that it will kill faster and with less pain than its predecessor. Killing the old way is considered barbaric.

But to say that lethal injection would kill criminals quickly is all the more incredible, given the fact that government would do it. Governments rarely do anything quickly. Executions take months, usually years, to accomplish. Those light-years in prison make a death sentence the most protracted and hideous torture ever conceived, as well as the most irreversible and final.

It is also the most expensive. All the trials, appeals, stays, petitions, special housing requirements and elaborate ceremonies that would necessarily precede a lethal injection would cost more than a lifetime in Attica or Acapulco.

In the end, lethal injection is no different from boiling in oil or burning at the stake. It is no less immune from informed contempt, no less wasteful. No cheaper. No more humane. And no more just. It is poison.

SCOTT CHRISTIANSON is a veteran writer on crime and law, a contributing editor to the "Criminal Law Bulletin" and presently a doctoral candidate in the School of Criminal Justice at the State University of New York.

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THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT

by Al Baltzer

by BOB FARON

NUMBER EIGHT did well in the FIELD DAY with MELVIN REDDICK taking the ATHLETE OF THE DAY and WEIGHTLIFTER OF THE DAY trophies. Another NUMBER EIGHT resident took the SPORTSMAN OF THE DAY trophy.

This year I am sure everybody will agree with the fact that FIELD DAY went well, even if the weather didn't. There seemed to be enough pop and ice cream to go around.

DARCY LUNN deserves thanks from all for the time and effort he put into putting on the field day as Chairman of the Inmate Committee. The time consuming effort must have been partially to blame for Darcy leaving his post as Chairman.

This year we had a new event, the OBSTACLE COURSE. The best time was forty-three seconds with BRIAN VATOUR tying for first place with ROGER MARCOTTE from NUMBER ELEVEN. Quite a few who didn't enter the event entered into a part of it by being thrown into one of the obstacles... the mud-hole. Anybody owing whoever in getting back for the dunking they got in the mud-hole should make sure you're around for the next field day....

N·NUMBER N·NINE

by CHICO WOODEN

WELL,IT'S TIME ONCE AGAIN FOR A FEW words on the happenings around NUMBER NINE and, especially on our ANNUAL FIELD DAY which took place on three of the first four days in August.

I'm not sure where to begin,so I'll start in with a challenge for MONK LeBLANC of NUMBER EIGHT unit. I won't be here for the playoffs in fastball, Monk, but I know NUMBER NINE will be in the Winner's Circle. So, if you plan on staying in the top few, you'd better put up a team soon.

Well, the Heavy Weight Tug-of-War was taken by CHICO'S TEAM, but MIKE LEAVER and his mates gave it a go. Good luck next time, guys.

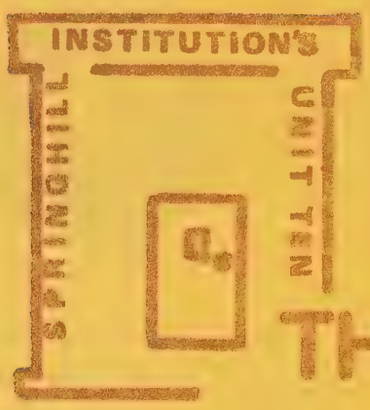
The Pacer, RAY MOONEY,came in third in the three mile race, right behind Chuck (Dash) Davidson. But, we all knew BOOTS would be the one to beat. And that's the way it went... Boots was the one to beat; but, it didn't happen this year!

The BALL TOURNAMENT was a game of skill and HALIFAX roared on to the Winner's Hill. Way to play ball, guys. All in all Field Day was a blast and the boy's made it a gas. (Editor's Note: A poet this guy ain't!)

I'm going out soon but I want all the guys here to know that I wish you all Good Luck.

Oh, yeh, I almost forgot... our MONTE CARLO NIGHT turned out A-1. And we've still got a couple of group T.A.s coming up.

Stay loose.



THERAPY IS...

by DAVID DUNN

JUST A FEW LINES TO BRING YOU UP TO date on NUMBER TEN UNIT. You know, what's come off and what's gone down. (On second thought very little went down, so I'll concentrate on what came off.) In brief THERAPY has been good the last couple of months.

First, I'm happy to announce that group T.A.s are back. One group T.A. in particular stands out in my mind. It was a CLAM DIGGING T.A. It rained like hell (not too unusual for these parts, eh)but our guys went out anyway. I'm not sure if they played in the mud. I suspect there were a few who got into squishing the mud up between their toes. However, for a big bunch of guys they returned with a small bunch of clams. The T.A. was a success, unfortunately the clams were not. It seems they were left covered in the frig and the little buggers drowned.

Last month NUMBER TEN hosted the first of its VEGAS NIGHTS within the unit. It was a gambler's dream; no show girls, but lots of action into the wee hours of the morning. Besides, who wants a bunch of show girls distracting the players at the tables -- that therapy works in weird ways, you know. It would be honest to state that VEGAS NIGHT did not crap out but, on the contrary, made a little over a hundred bucks for our CANTEEN CREDIT FUND,another winner we've had going for a number of months. The really good thing about VEGAS NIGHT was everybody had a good time and there were no heavy losers.

Also recently, our unit hosted a BOOK SALE for the benefit of the general population -- they got the books and we got the profits (more therapy....). There were lots of good girl (no nice girl) books,some violent criminal type books and, yes, naturally, some decent reading too. No doubt we made most of our three hundred dollars or so profit on the good girl books. The sale was set up both efficiently and properly; display areas, muscle at the door, floor walkers, controlled attendance and, of course, a couple of cashiers. I got the feeling that the Discussion Committee had had experience around dirty book stores the way they set things up. A big thanks to everyone who helped.

Another event pulled off recently was our STEAK BARBECUE. Gratefully, the steaks were compliments of the KITCHEN who allowed us to take what they were serving in the dining hall and cook it ourselves. They really took good care of us and the whole unit sends thanks down to the kitchen staff. Again, thanks to the guys who were able to get past the red tape and got things going so smoothly. The steaks were nice 'cause you could have 'em any ole way ya liked 'em.

Well, that about sums it up. I guess we're all alive and all that jive. Everyone's looking forward to our up-and-coming pizza sale and we've got another VEGAS NIGHT in the works. And, following up on our record of successes lately, they should be a success and a credit to the kind of cooperation we get from the guys in our unit.

IN 1978/79 THE NATIONAL PAROLE BOARD GRANTED 7,756 Unescorted Temporary Absences. Of these, 731 were granted during the festive season. Throughout the year, a total of 116 persons, or 1.5% of the total granted Temporary Absences, failed to return at the appointed time.

ELEVENTH HEAVEN

by PLAIN GOOD

I AM WRITING THIS ARTICLE FROM UNder my bed... not by choice, mind you. Here, let me explain what got me under the bed in the first place.

Lately, I have been having this problem with Hoober. Hoober is the son of Itchy Mitchy Two Fingers, the witch doctor, who also happens to be related to Ah-ma-gouchie-gamma-gumma-bouchie-ah-so-limbo-ta-dimmy-wimmy-dimbo. (I won't bother to tell you his last name.) Hoober, by the way, is a pygmy; a two-foot, cannabalistic-type pygmy. And to make matters worse, he is also a grouch.

I first met Hoober one night just after I had started falling asleep in my bed. That's when I started to hear a noise that sounded like chanting coming from beneath my bed. Well, needless to say, I got up and turned the light on to investigate. When I looked under my bed I was horror struck to find six pairs of eyes staring back at me. I let out a gasp, and that's when Hoober walked out from under the bed and demanded to know who I was, where I came from, and to top it off, he insisted I show two pieces of identification. By now I was standing up, and seeing that he was much smaller than myself, I in turn asked him who he was. It was at this point that the five other members of his tribe stepped out from under the bed and proceeded to bite me on my knees and ankles. I took a few kicks at them and they scrambled for cover back under the bed, muttering something about me being a foul tasting foreigner. Remembering that I am on a rather strong medication, I passed the whole thing off as just another hallucination or figment of my imagination and went back to sleep without further interruptions that night.

The next day being a Saturday, the day I usually clean out my cell, I started to sweep under my bed when something grabbed the broom out of my hands. I took a quick peek and, again, found those same six pairs of eyes staring back at me, while their owners held onto my broom.

"A-ha." says I as I reached for the mop and started taking swings at them. "So, you are real after all," I exclaimed.

It was at this point that the pygmy who had talked to me the night before, introduced himself, saying that his name was "Hoober." He also told me that my fight against them was useless and that we could surely come to some sort of suitable living arrangement, especially since they had no intention of leaving and that I was outnumbered. I agreed with him.

So, that is how I came to be writing this article from underneath my bed. This is their week to have rights to everything in my cell, desk and bed included. I only have the right to whatever space is left under my bed. However, next week it's my turn.

You know, they are not really a bad bunch after all. Only this morning Hoober asked me if I would save some of my hair the next time I got a hair cut. He said he needed it for a doll image he was making of me. I guess I have finally won their respect and they've learned to like me. Don't you think so!

For those readers who were expecting a different kind of unit report, all I can tell you is that a writer should only write what he knows about. The only thing I know for sure is that I've never had an experience like the above until I came to NUMBER ELEVEN unit. After that, what can I tell you?

As I See It

"...what we need more than anything else is the deep belief in ourselves that a better world is possible..."

THE PROPER USE OF HUMAN BEINGS

By NORMAN COUSINS

I'D LIKE TO make a simple proposition, and that is that this world and everything in its belongs to the people who inhabit it. And that this world is now being mismanaged, because the national interests are being placed above the human interest, and the only security for anyone, for any nation or for any individual, comes if we put human sovereignty ahead of national sovereignty. Despite what everyone says about communism, capitalism, or whatever -- despite all the divisions that we read about in the papers -- there are actually only two divisions in this world: a division between those who are committed to the cause of human beings and those who are committed to other causes, whatever they may be. Those two divisions, it seems to me, have a great deal to do with what our perception is of human beings. If we perceive a human being as a creature born to serve *things*, then we're going to end with a doctrine of despair and defeat. If, on the other hand, we belong to the party that believes that the ultimate cause in this world is the cause of the individual -- and indeed that human beings are unique because they are initiators, because they can do something for the first time -- then we have a chance. My belief is that everyone reading this belongs to the party of the second part. That's the party that believes the problems can be solved and that human creatures are problem-solving creatures, and that if a problem can be understood and defined, it can be solved. I believe therefore that peace in this world, peace with dignity, peace with freedom, peace with meaning, is possible. I believe that for several reasons.

First, because I don't believe that anyone in this world knows enough to be a pessimist. I don't believe that anyone knows enough to say that something cannot be done, especially since human beings are unique because they can do something for the first time. If we look at the range of problems confronting us -- problems having to do with war and peace, problems having to do with the arms race, problems having to do with energy, with the pollution of our planet, with not having enough food for the people on this planet -- if we look at these problems we see that they all have one thing in common: namely, they are not really national problems, they are world problems. And they apply to everyone, in every country. The second thing that all these problems have in common is that we really don't have a world response, a world means of dealing with world problems. And the third thing all these problems have in common is that they are inter-related; for example, the problem of food is related to the problem of energy -- we have got a lot of land in this world but we don't have enough fertilizer. Next, the struggle for energy involves many nations; the struggle for energy

is related to the problem of armaments because arms use up a lot of energy.

And so it seems to me that the time has come for that party of the second part -- the party that believes in life, the party that we have put here in this world to solve problems and that believes that everything in this world belongs to the people who inhabit it -- the time has come for us to look at the world and find out why it is that human beings are unrepresented. When I say that human beings are unrepresented, I mean that quite literally. You see, we are represented only in terms of parts of ourselves; we are represented as citizens in our state legislatures and we're represented in the United States Congress as Americans, but you discover, as you go up in the order of our collective being, that when we really are at our fullest, when we are full human beings, holding out our hands to human beings everywhere else in the world, we are unrepresented. We live in a condition of world anarchy; there is no representation for human beings as planetary inhabitants. Instead, we have all these subdivisions marked "nations," each of which is fending for itself in the world arena, and the result is that we have world anarchy with the nations being apart -- and the irony is that they are doing it in the name of security.

We now have more than twenty thousand tons of TNT equivalent for every man, woman and child in the world. We don't have that much food in reserve for every human being in the world, or that much medicine, or that much in the form of books, or anything that enobles life -- but we do have twenty thousand tons of TNT for every man, woman and child. Nothing that we make in the world is in as great abundance as destructive force. You know, if you had been one of those astronauts who had landed on the moon, I think that when you arrived you would have thought that the most important thing was not that we set foot on the moon, but that we could set eye on earth. From that vantage point in space, I think the one thought that would occur to you would be, "What are we doing to justify the gift of life?"

I repeat, this world and everything in it, belongs to the people who inhabit it, and it must be -- and it can be -- made into a good earth. But it cannot be made into a good earth so long as human beings have become subordinate to things, subordinate to nations, and subordinate to destructive ideas.

Now I believe, as I said, that there are answers. I believe there are answers to all our problems. I believe there are answers to the problems of war and peace. I believe there's an answer to the pollution of our planet, and to the crippling of the life-support system that sustains this world. I believe that there's an answer to the energy shortage, and an answer to the starvation. But I believe that the most serious problem we've got -- the answer to which will lead to answers to the other problems -- is not the squandering of physical resources, but the squandering of human resources in this world. The proper use of human beings becomes the proper business of every human being on earth. Now, if we can accept that proposition -- that everything begins with the end of that terrible squandering, everything begins with the proper use of human beings -- then we can solve all our problems, because all our problems flow out of that failure. With respect to the first problem, I don't think it is possible to solve the problem of war in this world unless we have a world order based on the need to meet the common dangers and the need to address ourselves to human and common needs. I don't believe that developing the United Nations into such a world order is impossible -- quite the contrary. I believe that the people of this world have a duty to tell their leaders what kind of world they want, and I believe that the development of such an organization that is capable of keeping the peace on the basis of justice is clearly within our means if we want it.

Therefore, the crisis of our times is represented not just by the nature of the problems themselves but by what it is that we ourselves want, and what we ourselves are willing to commit ourselves to. All the great tragedies in history had one thing in common, which was that the people who were caught up in those tragedies really didn't know what was happening to them. So this is really what the challenge is: Do we understand what is happening to us? Do we understand that this planet, far from being made safe and fit for human habitation, is slipping away from us? If we understand this, then we know what to do.

The notion, for example, that this world cannot feed its hungry is not a worthy notion. Recently a committee of scientists completed a five-year study which had to do with ways in which the world's hungry could be fed. The scientists went to all the hungry places in the world and they made some interesting discoveries. One was that the land being used in those countries was not being used for food as it should have been -- quite the contrary. These were countries formerly occupied by the colonial powers of Europe, and the land was still being used to supply the colonial powers with raw materials, instead of being used for food by the people themselves who lived there. And so this committee of scientists made an assessment about the available land. They also identified 330

new food crops that could be developed -- nutritious food for hungry people. There are answers but the answers are not being believed -- they're not even being examined.

I believe also the energy crisis is well within our solution. In Wyoming and Colorado alone we have more than one trillion barrels of oil potential through shale. Where is the development of that shale into oil? A scientist from Hungary has discovered a way of getting at wells that have been abandoned. You know, in this country most of our oil came not from big gusher wells but from small wells which produced six or eight or ten barrels a day. We had one and a half million of them spread throughout the southern sphere of this country and into California. But most of those wells have now been abandoned. They didn't exactly dry up, but now it's necessary to go through sandstone, limestone, and the oil is also trapped in shale. We have at least as many barrels of oil in the United States today as we have already taken out. Why aren't we going down and doing the digging? The oil is there. If we had a situation in which it could be said we don't have any shale, we have no possible reserves for shale, we have no secondary recovery possibilities, we have no sun up there to tap the basic energy, we have no hydrogen in the seas that might be isolated, we have no winds, we don't have any waste products that can be used for ethanol or methanol, we have none of the things that can produce energy -- if that were the case then I think there might be reason for despair; but we have those possibilities. Why aren't we developing them? Oil is not the only answer; there are many answers.

There are important answers, but I believe that these answers will be forthcoming only when people will recognize that those answers exist. Unfortunately, I'm afraid that too many people in the United States are in a condition of despair. They look at all our problems -- the problems of war and peace, the problems of armament, the problems of energy, the problems of food -- and they feel that the world is too much for us, and so they tend, as individuals, to draw a circle around themselves for the purpose of protecting themselves from the intrusion of a painful society. But the difficulty, of course, is that when we draw a circle around ourselves, we lock the world out but we also lock ourselves in.

A basic energy, I believe, emanates from a people. Civilization gets its basic energy from its hopes. If enough people hope, if they make that hope visible and dramatic, that hope is translated into action. This is a basic law of life, just as in an individual you cannot overcome an illness unless the mind really believes that you can. But once you potentiate the mind into believing that all things are possible, that you do have these great expectations, then you can overcome your problems. You can't overcome them without that hope. I think the same thing is true of the collective entity of human beings. We have to potentiate ourselves to convert that hope into basic energy. When you do this in terms of what you believe, day by day, and in terms of how you communicate what you believe to the people around you, I don't think that we necessarily need large organized political movements. They may come about, but what we need more than anything else is that deep belief in ourselves that a better world is possible. I say again, this world, and everything in it, belongs to you, the people who inhabit it. †

--Norman Cousins is an educator and statesman, who is best known as the editor of The Saturday Review.

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Prisoners Running Out Of Non-Violent Means

by Jim McDowell
Vancouver Free Press

June 13, 1980

TWO PROGRESSIVE RESOLUTIONS AIMED AT GRANTING BASIC CIVIL RIGHTS TO PRISON INMATES were defeated at last week's annual meeting of the B.C. legal profession in Harrison Hot Springs — a conservative reaction that may contribute to more prison violence.

Mission Lawyer JOHN CONROY'S resolution to give all prison inmates the right to vote in federal, provincial and territorial elections was the most controversial proposal to be turned down. The lawyers also rejected a resolution to extend the right to a jury trial for all serious offences.

Conroy claimed that giving voting rights to prisoners "will encourage offenders to accept social responsibilities in place of anti-social behaviour."

Although those doing time in provincial prisons for summary offences can vote, those who have committed indictable offences cannot.

"A prisoner should have the freedom to be active politically to seek redress of his situation," claims Conroy. Federal prisoners, lacking the right to vote, have no such remedy. "Prisoners should have access to the politicians like anybody else," he says. "Since they have little ability to communicate their concerns to the public through the media, we see prisoners united by a common fate, engaging in hostage-taking and riots."

"He claims that increasingly violent prison uprisings dramatize how desperate some inmates have become in making their demands. In protecting their rights to defend themselves from arbitrary power, many of them are using the dominant legal ideologies' arguments of freedom and fairness. But a growing number of court battles over prisoners' rights are being lost by inmates, and the doors to peaceful remedies appear to be closing. Behind the walls, mounting pressures may lead to more explosions.

Conroy claims that the authorities, out of fear and desperation, are moving to abandon basic liberties for offenders. He says it will take determined lawyers to safeguard and preserve these principles.

Quoting Rutgers University law professor ARTHUR KINOY, Conroy says, "He or she must find every opportunity to expose the extraordinary fact that the rulers and their (judicial) servants are turning upon their own system and abandoning their stated rules — the once revolutionary principles of fairness, equality, justice and liberty."

Conroy is convinced that awareness of inmate rights will improve if more prisoners and lawyers bring cases into court.

In Regina v.s. Bruce, Wilson and Lucas, Conroy as defense attorney brought the issues of state power and personal liberty sharply into focus. He claims the case is one of the most illustrative Canadian examples of the prisoners' rights dilemma. It involved the well-publicized hostage-taking at the B.C. Pen in June 1975 that ended in the death of classification officer MARY STEINHAUSER, killed by prison tactical squad shots.

Speaking to the UBC Law Union Conference in October 1979, Conroy said lawyers must make sure our society's concept of the rule of law prevails in prisons by pressing for three basic principles: no arbitrary power by the state, the recognition of equality before the law, and the precedence of court-supported individual rights over abstract constitutional guarantees.

In Regina vs. Bruce, the inmates claimed that taking hostages was a lesser evil than the evil about to be perpetrated against them — arbitrary return to solitary confinement. From their point of view, this threat meant a slow process of mental and ultimately physical death.

In 1976 the Supreme Court of Canada declared solitary confinement in the B.C. Pen to be cruel and unusual punishment that was contrary to the Canadian Bill of Rights, but it did not compel prison authorities to comply with the reforms it ordered. Only cosmetic changes were made.

The courts have traditionally adopted a hands-off policy toward prisons and prisoners. Because of this reluctance to apply standard legal remedies, Conroy says the courts have become an unpromising alternative for inmates.

At Harrison Hot Springs, Conroy's resolution on prisoners' voting rights was a direct challenge to a recommendation by the recent Eckhardt royal commission on electoral reform, which will wipe out even the limited prisoners' voting rights now contained in provincial legislation.

The vast majority of lawyers who spoke on Conroy's resolution were opposed to it. Their attitude was summed up by Vancouver lawyer MARK DWOR who said, "If their freedom and liberty has been taken away, then their right to vote also should be removed."

"When a person is sent to prison," notes Conroy, "his freedom and liberty are obviously reduced, but they are not extinguished." He claims that an individual's rights should continue to exist unless a statute expressly takes them away. "The major litigation now is trying to get the rule of law inside the prisons," he said.

Years ago, the concept of "civil death" was applied to prisoners. They were considered civilly dead — all their rights were lost. In Canada, that concept was abolished by our criminal code in 1892.

Conroy says prisoners should have all the civil rights guaranteed other citizens. He also argues that disruptions occur when inmates have almost nothing more to lose, so it's common sense to maintain as many of their civil rights as possible.

In the matter of jury trials, the Harrison Hot Springs meeting defeated a resolution to allow a jury trial for any indictable federal offense (such as drug offenses). A supporter of this proposal reminded the lawyers that the right to a jury trial goes back to the Magna Carta, but the hard-nosed majority rejected the recommendation.

According to Conroy, we need to redefine what constitutes a crime — to revamp the entire criminal code. He claims that imprisonment is needed for only a small number of those now in prison. "We have alternatives like community service that are 100 percent more effective than incarceration," he says. Those offenders who must be imprisoned should have legal and administrative remedies, grievance procedures, correctional investigators and full access to the courts with guarantees of due process.

Without these changes, Conroy is convinced that prison violence will continue, because we are dealing with the offender in exactly the same way as he dealt with his victim. "The ideology of force has won out," says Conroy.

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More Poor Family Kids End Up Behind Bars

by DAVID NORRIS
Staff Writer
The Toronto Sun

INMATES FROM LOWER INCOME HOMES are over-represented in prisons because of the way society treats them as children, a University of Toronto law professor says.

Criminologist Dr. Bernard Dickens, said children from low-income homes are far more likely to be labelled delinquent than children from middle-class homes. It's because of cultural differences in behaviour that are unacceptable to middle-class society.

"Middle-class children can fight each other playing hockey or football and society thinks it's all right. But when low-income children fight on the street, they are labelled delinquent," he said.

Dickens said some criminologists now believe excessive intervention by the state into "delinquent" children has been a mistake because it has singled out children from certain social groups.

"The legal system tends to protect middle-class values and it is often the children of parents or social groups who do not respect those values who are labelled delinquent," he said.

"The children of middle-class parents will work out frustrations in a different way to low-income children. But because they have more resources available to them — hockey, football, and boxing — they are not considered delinquent."

Fellow U of T criminologist Richard Ericson, said there is a "definite class bias" in labelling the "unemployed and laboring classes" as criminals.

He has just finished a year-long study with a police force to determine why charges are laid against some lawbreakers while other lawbreakers are allowed to go free.

"The police have tremendous powers of discreation," he said. "We have attempted to find out why citizens are treated differently — why some will end up facing charges and others won't."

His findings will be released next year.

CONS CLAIM JAIL TERMS VIOLATE U.N. TREATY SIGNED BY CANADA

(The Ottawa Citizen)

OTTAWA — (UPC) — A group of about 1,000 federal prisoners has claimed in a submission to the United Nations that they should be released because the Canadian government breached an international treaty signed in 1977.

They say the treaty, signed by Canada at the UN, requires that they be included retroactively in three-year-old federal legislation making it easier to compute release dates under mandatory supervision and parole.

The inmates, already in prison when the legislation was passed, have approached Solicitor General Robert Kaplan through their lawyers and asked that they receive early releases under the 1977 law.

However that legislation specified that it was to be applied only to prisoners sentenced after the law was passed, Kaplan told reporters outside the House of Commons on Tuesday.

Kaplan, the minister responsible for the penitentiary service said he had been advised by government lawyers that the inmates do not have a valid claim for better treatment.

But he said if Parliament were to move a motion allowing those inmates to have the benefit of the rules, he would then recall government lawyers from the United Nations "and take steps to pass the benefits along."

"The treaty we signed at the United Nations provides that whenever Parliament lightens the penalties that apply to any offence, we'll go back to our penitentiaries and give all the inmates serving time for those crimes the benefit of the lighter rules," he said.

"But what is an even more important consideration is that back in '77 when this legislation was introduced, some backbenchers proposed amendments that would make the benefits retroactively."

"Those amendments were rejected by Parliament so that I feel that I am... bound by the decision that Parliament took on the matter and that is why I've turned the inmates down."

third world PRIZE

WASHINGTON, 5 March (UPI) — The executive power asked Congress for an increase in military and economic aid to Central America to prevent the appearance of governments "openly hostile" to the U.S., whether of the right or left. . . Undersecretary of State John Bushnell told the House Foreign Operations Subcommittee that "more aid is needed to avert the possibility that events should bring about governments that do not represent the great majority of the population . . . Whether they are right or left will matter little to the peoples whose aspirations would be frustrated."

third world offers a prize of three Rolls Royces, a yacht and a one-year subscription to the reader who can name any rightwing Central American government "openly hostile" to the U.S., that represents the great majority of the population.

(From third world/No.4)

Prisoners Should Help Pay Maintenance Costs: Kaplan

Ottawa Citizen
April 19th, 1980

EDMONTON (CP) — Prison life should reflect community life with prisoners working for a wage, paying taxes and helping to defray the costs of their maintenance, Solicitor-General Bob Kaplan said on Friday.

In a speech to the John Howard Society of Alberta, Kaplan said such an approach would also involve giving prisoners the right to vote and the opportunity for private family visits.

He said he was hoping to implement a family visitation program by the end of the year.

A prison environment should be as normal and peaceful as possible because a person who becomes a prisoner retains his liberties and rights as a citizen, except those that may be taken away in the interest of security, Kaplan said.

And while this means prisoners should have access to more opportunities in prison, they should also be expected to assume more responsibilities, he said.

Prisoners should be expected to assume responsibility for finding a job.

"At the same time, it means that that job should bring some form of reasonable renumeration," Kaplan said. "It means that the inmate should pay taxes; it means that the inmate should be expected to defray the costs of his own maintenance and to contribute to his family's upkeep.

"It means that,while he may acquire the right to vote, a matter which I have under consideration, he should also have the responsibility of making a contribution to society through the industries or the services of the institution."

Such a program should also involve private family visits, he said. Saskatchewan has had a family visitation program for almost 10 years.

"This program which I am hoping to settle and implement towards the end of this year, is being introduced not solely out of concern for the inmate."

"It includes a concern for keeping families together; it includes a concern that children will be able to maintain a reasonable relationship with both their parents."

"It is, in effect,just another facet of a realistic approach to the increasing normalization of prison life."

Kaplan said he wants to create as normal an institutional environment as possible because "virtually all inmates return to society at some time."

"We have to prepare the inmate of today to live in the society of tomorrow."

It was not a matter of making confinement easier, but of "making it more realistic in terms of responsibilities and rights."

Kaplan pointed out that he did not mention rehabilitation as a goal of prisons. That was because "no one can rehabilitate anyone."

The decision to go straight is a personal decision that must be made by the offender, he said.

"The responsibility of the correctional service of Canada is to create an atmosphere that permits such decisions and provides opportunities for these decisions to be carried out."

Kaplan concluded by saying, "the treatment of a criminal should not be designed according to what appears to be worthy of him."

"It should be worthy of society itself. I feel that we have to admit that our methods in this field are not entirely worthy of society."

DRUG OFFENCES FOR 1978 ARE DOWN 7.7% FROM THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S, ACCORDING TO R.C.M.P. STATISTICS. Maybe that's why the politicians are again into talking about decriminalizing personal grass possession charges; the mounties are now getting bored with arresting people for smoking... what do you think they'll be up to now besides reading other people's mail and playing Sinbad the Sailor on the High Seas?

N.I.B SEMINAR

by Leo Ryan

ON JULY 10TH AND 11TH THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD held a seminar with outside guests in attendance. JOE B. MARSHALL, ANGUS MacINTYRE, STEWART KILLEN, all of the UNION OF NOVA SCOTIA INDIANS, and SYLVESTER PAUL from the FRIENDSHIP CENTRE, met with the Brotherhood to help us develop group unity. The methods they used were to have the Brotherhood meet with them over the two days during normal working hours to discuss building better communications between the Brotherhood and the outside community. Some of the methods discussed were the use of newspaper articles, cultural activities and going into outside schools to relate what prison is like and to explain what the Brotherhood is about. Problems relating to things like parole and temporary absences were discussed. Matters like the problem Native brothers who don't speak English have when trying to get a temporary leave or parole were discussed, as were the difficulties a person from a remote area has getting visits and temporary leaves home. Native prisoners who can't speak English are quite often treated as though because they don't speak English means they want to do their full time.

The problem of native brothers being barred from returning to their home reserves after serving their sentences was discussed. It was pointed out that each native person is entitled to at least land on the reserve but that the band chiefs and National Parole Service were working together to keep ex-offenders off their own reserves. A notion which comes to mind whenever I think about the Parole Service and Chiefs working together this way is that the Chiefs are being taught how to steal land. There were discussions about funding for the Brotherhood. They also brought taped materials with them which dealt with Native culture, which went over very well with our members.

One of the conclusions which came out of the two-day seminar was that we will ask for a meeting with the Chiefs and our Brotherhood, to discuss correcting the problems we've had in the past, hoping that through discussion and better understanding we will all be brought closer together.

AT THE END OF 1978-79 FISCAL YEAR, THERE WERE 9,364 INMATES IN 58 INSTITUTIONS ACROSS CANADA. THERE WERE 9,862 EMPLOYEES IN CSC, 9,488 PERMANENT AND 374 TERM OR CONTRACT.

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FILE THIRTEEN

BUSINESS OPPOSE LEGAL DOPE WHILE PROFITING FROM OTHER DRUG SALES

by Paul Weinberg
Toronto CLARION

Several of the corporate executives who direct the anti-marijuana COUNCIL ON DRUG ABUSE are themselves merchants of deadly and unhealthy products.

Dr. Michael Rachlis, a critic of CODA, says CODA does not spend much time educating the public on the dangers of over-prescribed drugs like Valium.

"About 70 percent of their newsletters discuss the dangers of marijuana," says Rachlis,a staff physician at the South Riverdale Community Health Centre.

"The problems associated with marijuana do not compare with the problems arising from alcohol and prescription drugs."

While CODA is busy this summer campaigning to stop the federal government from decriminalizing marijuana, several of its directors head companies that sell mood-modifying drugs, tobacco, sugar, fast food, and beer.

Among CODA's board of directors are:

* Murray Koffler, founder and honorary chairman of CODA; he owns Koffler Stores Ltd. and Shoppers Drug Mart, one of Canada's major dispensers of prescription drugs.

Koffler Stores Ltd. was sold in 1978 to Imasco, a British holding company that also owns Imperial Tobacco, a cigarette producer. Koffler became an Imasco director and a major shareholder.

* Gordon C. Gray,this year's CODA campaign chairman, is chairman of A.E. LePage Ltd. and is a director of McDonald's Restaurants of Canada Ltd. McDonald's is the biggest seller of fast food in the world.

* J. Boyd Matchett is president of Cara Operations, which promotes convenience food in restaurants (Cara owns the Swiss Chelet chain) and cafeterias. John and Karen Hess' TASTE OF AMERICA credits Cara and other cafeteria chains with helping to replace the good eating habits of millions of North Americans with a taste for TV dinners.

* Donald R. Thompson is director of promotion and sports properties for Molson's Brewery of Canada Ltd.

* William H. Wardle is president of Laura Secord Candy Shops Ltd., a major promoter of sugar, also known as "white death."

According to an article in the May issue of the "Addiction Research Foundation Journal," "excessive use of sugar is more of a health threat in the Western world than abuse of alcohol, tobacco, or narcotics."

The article quotes John Cawte of Sidney's Intercultural Mental Health Centre, who correlates a fourfold increase in sugar and sugar-related products in modern populations in the last 100 years with an increase in degenerative diseases. These diseases, he says, include obesity, dental decay, high blood pressure, coronary heart disease, and lowered resistance to infections.

Cawte compares the low-sugar diets of stone-age peoples with modern high-sugar diets in modern industrial populations. He said overindulging in modern foods affects people both physically and mentally, making them feel depressed.

H.David Archibald,executive vice-chairman of the Addiction Research Foundation is also on the CODA board but he could not be reached for comment.

"It seems the evidence is overwhelming that there are a number of things that are as important or pressing than what the Council on Drug Abuse is willing to concentrate on," says Gerry Caplan of the Toronto Public Health Department.

Caplan is heading the new health advocacy unit which has a mandate to promote a healthy and safe environment in the city. That is why he is concerned,among other things, about the availability of cigarette machines in restaurants.

"Take the question of tobacco. It is as serious as pot, but there is no evidence that pot is a killer, as tobacco is," adds Caplan.

Health activist Mary Stern, a co-author of a book on women's health, OUR BODIES, OURSELVES, says CODA "tends to focus on illicit drugs that are dangerous, as opposed to licit drugs that are also dangerous."

She is referring to mood modifying drugs like barbituates and tranquillizers, which the drug industry aims primarily at women. Stern says heavy advertising and male physicians, encourage women to overuse prescription drugs.

"For example,a woman takes sleep-

ing pills but she soon finds she needs an increased dose to get the same effect. But sleeplessness is a symptom of depression and underlying tension and anxiety."

Ruth Cooperstock, a medical sociologist at the Addiction Research Foundation, says in the first issue of PHOENIX RISING, a Toronto newsletter produced by ex-psychiatric patients, that tranquilizers like Valium are prescribed to women for no medical reason.

For example, a woman unhappy with her role in the family as a housewife would be considered a prime candidate for a prescription.

"In a recent Toronto study on long term tranquilizer use, it was found that continuous use was most often discussed in terms of permitting the user to maintain himself or herself in a role which was found difficult or intolerable without the drug."

Cooperstock adds that masking that social discomfort with drugs, makes people "less motivated to make changes in their lives and thus rid themselves of the discomforts and symptoms which took them to the physicians in the first place."

Another problem discussed in the summer 1980 issue of WOMEN HEALTH-SHARING, a feminist medical newsletter, is the heavy advertising behind the over-the-counter drugs like Aspirin, Anacin, and Excedrin had led to their overuse by middle aged women to relieve pressure or anxiety.

There is a correlation between serious kidney damage in women since World War Two and the growth in this kind of abuse, according to various scientific studies the publication reports.

CODA's current campaign chairman Gordon C. Gray could not be reached on the contradictions between CODA's public stand and the activities of its board of directors.

"I'm not in a position to say, as I'm not involved in the directing of the Council on Drug Abuse," said Gray's executive assistant Rick Brownridge over the phone.

"You should talk to the people who are the most active, Like Murray Koffler. They must have some strong reasons."

Mr. Koffler himself could not be reached.

CAPSIZED

As I go back inside
I see my heart swimming frantically
In blood as thin as air.
I see myself, do you call it human?
I see myself giving up the swim,
See myself going back to the impossible
Breathlessness of birth drowning.
Do you really call this life?
I see the world preparing for a funeral procession.
I see no one hear no one.
And the terrible haunting wind comes
Back to me.
All morning I run from the small
Animal which is my heart.
The tireless dope called fear.

© Tish Pearlmen
Morro Bay, California

NUMBER OF PERSONS UNDER PAROLE SUPERVISION '78

Full parole	3,177
Day parole	1,064
Mandatory Super.	2,079
Total	7,329

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

NEW RULES FOR PRISON GUARDS

OTTAWA (CP) — NEW RULES WILL LET federal prison guards skin-frisk prisoners any time for any reason.

The new regulation was published this week in the Canada Gazette in spite of a Federal Court of Canada judgment that called skin frisks degrading and humiliating.

Mr. Justice A.A. Cattanach ruled that prison officers, by their own regulations, must have reasonable grounds to force a prisoner to strip and be searched.

The regulation has been amended to allow skin frisks "for the good order" of a prison. The phrase reasonable grounds has been removed.

The Cattanach judgment resulted from a suit by a prisoner in a medium-security federal prison in Matsqui, B.C., after the warden ordered such searches of all prisoners leaving or entering the prison or seeing visitors.

The judge said this was not reasonable.

However, during a session of the Commons justice committee recently, Solicitor-General Bob Kaplan said such searches are the price of more open prisons.

DRUGS SMUGGLED

Openness meant drugs and other contraband are being smuggled into prisons by prisoners returning from leaves or by visitors.

Referring to hostage-takings this year, Kaplan said "contraband is at the heart of every incident" and more searches would be necessary.

It is the price of an open system in which prisoners eat and work together and mingle with visitors.

If prisoners were confined all the time, there would be no contraband problem, he said.

Correctional Commissioner Donald Yeomans said drugs, alcohol and drinks such as cleaning fluid have been common to every hostage-taking this year.

Howard Crosby (PC-Halifax West) had asked whether prisoners transferred from British Columbia were to blame for a hostage-taking at New Brunswick's Dorchester Penitentiary.

Yeomans said the incident is being investigated and told Carlo Rossi (L-Montreal Bourassa) teams have been formed at every prison to handle such incidents and trained negotiators are there to deal with the hostage-takers.

Yeomans said there is no pattern to the hostage-takings. Prisoners who took hostages were usually drunk or doped and thought up a list of complaints as an afterthought.

Ninety-two hostages being taken in 35 incidents in 1975 and 1976 led a special parliamentary inquiry, that recommended that no deals be made with hostage-takers.

CRIMES AGAINST THE PERSON ARE REPORTED TO BE UP 1.9% IN 1978 OVER WHAT THEY WERE IN 1977.

GOD LET THERE BE NO PAIN

Deep inside these prison walls
of sadness and despair
There is a deep long lonely hall
that leads to a cold steel chair

Its metal is greatly polished
human sweat has left its stain
And many men prayed their last wish
God let there be no pain

My friend in cell number 23
I'll never see again
Finally he is free
I hope he felt no pain
Cause I am in number 24
Tomorrow I'll meet the end
They'll pull that lever to the floor
and the lights will dim again

The chaplain comes into my cell
and says Please Son let's pray
that God will keep you safe and well
after walking that mile today

I prayed Father hear my plea
don't let me die in vain
and forever and eternity
God let there be no pain

My friend in cell number 23
I'll never see again
Finally he is free
I hope he felt no pain
Cause I am in number 24
Tomorrow I'll meet the end
They'll pull that lever to the floor
and the lights will dim again

Kenny Thorne
Dorchester 1978

The Visit

On this dull November day
— sparse trees leafless and bleak
grass muddy with first slush —
the building looks grim, forbidding.

The iron gate
barbed wire towering the fence at either side
accepts my entrance silently.
I drift forward
a pale shadow
dwarfed by unyielding walls.

Somewhere inside
behind the five doors locked and barred
behind the guards, tactiturn and non-commital
behind his outer shell and mask of nonchalance
he waits.

Does he hear a footstep
echo softly on the asphalt courtyard?
Or catch the whispered answers
to the endless, uniformed officials?

I wait anxiously in line
between the sterile walls
hands fluttering in my lap
eyes filled with smoke
and acrid tears.

© Sheila Martindale
London, Ontario

Conjugal Visits Will Be Tested

April 26th, 1980
The Moncton Times

FEDERAL PRISONS WILL NOT BECOME brothels under a new family visitation program scheduled to be undertaken this year by Correctional Services Canada, William Westlake said in Moncton Friday.

The senior deputy commissioner of the country's prison system said conjugal visitation will occur, but only as a sideline to the new program which will be conducted in certain minimum security institutions. He said inmates have been asked for their views and the new program, which already exists in Sweden and Mexico, "will not be a carrot and stick situation."

Westlake, who started his management duties at Dorchester Penitentiary, the same day a guard was knifed to death at Dorchester in 1965, said, "one or two trial programs" will be conducted in Canada this year.

The entire approach towards rehabilitation, he said, has changed.

"Now Commissioner (Don) Yeomans is stressing the work ethic. He said that psychology and psychiatry in the past has failed. We're back to the work ethic," siad Westlake.

Perhaps the change in philosophy has helped, because according to Westlake his tour in the Atlantic region in the past week has seen few complaints from inmate committees.

"Mostly they're concerned with how much money they will earn under the new pay-scale system," he said.

Appointed to the second-top job in January of last year, Westlake said his primary concern currently is the implementation of recommendations put forward by the parliamentary sub-committee on prison reform.

Of the 65 recommendations proposed, about 50 have been implemented, while "four or five were rejected," said Westlake.

More minimum-security institutions are planned as part of the department's basic philosophy that offenders who do not warrant maximum and medium security incarceration should be sent to prison where conditions are not as stringent.

Some inmates in the Atlantic region are sent immediately to Westmorland, a minimum-security farm camp located adjacent to Dorchester Penitentiary. Hopefully, he said in the next few years, Westmorland will pay for itself in agricultural production.

By participating in work programs, inmates will now be able to earn a reduction in their level of security. Added with immediate transfer to minimum and medium security institutions, the new philosophy does away with the previous "through the system" approach, whereby an offender was placed in maximum-security pending evaluation.

Westlake said the government has set aside $30 million for new institutions, including the construction of regional institutions for inmates in protective custody.

Dorchester has been the scene in the past of demonstrations against programs offered to protective custody inmates. Once in protective custody, no matter what the reason, an inmate is doomed to serving 23 hours each day inside limited quarters.

The deputy commissioner told reporters that in Quebec, the department will construct one protective custody unit and another prison to serve the 400 inmates of Laval Institution.

British Columbia Penitentiary closed recently and its population of 400 inmates, for the most part, were transferred to the new Kent Maximum-Security Prison in the Fraser Valley of B.C.

B.C. Pen was constructed about the same time as Dorchester and in the same British archetectural style, but the government, in deciding to freeze the Renous prison, has earmarked several hundred thousand dollars for extensive renovations to Dorchester.

Of the 9,500 inmates serving time in federal prisons, 25 per cent of those in the Atlantic region are classified as maximum-security prisoners. Westlake said that the department, as a result of changes in transfer policy, is trying to keep the movement of inmates to other regions at a minimum.

As part of the renovations planned for Dorchester, new housing units for employees will be constructed, together with additional recreational facilities for inmates.

Many Behind Bars In Canada's Penitentiaries

TORONTO (CP) — In prison slang they are called skin beefers.

They are the sex criminals — the rapists, the child molesters, the sodomites, the committers of incest or the sex murderers.

More than 1,000 of them are behind bars in Canada's penitentiaries. But less than five per cent of them are receiving the kind of therapy that might cure or lessen their criminal impulses, reports the Correctional Service of Canada, which runs the prisons.

"We are not getting at enough of the sex offenders — we do not have a full treatment program," says Lloyd Pisapio, deputy commissioner for offender programs in the correctional service.

Criminologists, psychologists, even authorities in charge of the treatment programs, agree that no sure-fire cure exists for sex criminals and that the program used in Canadian penitentiaries produces few benefiical results. But, they argue, questionable therapy is better than none.

Ottawa criminologist Carole Anne Searle, a specialist in sex offender programs and former projects officer in the Canadian Penitentiary Service, says sex offenders going back on the street after finishing their sentences are like a "bomb waiting to explode."

"He comes out more frustrated, brutal and dangerous than when he went in. The risk is at least smaller if they get therapy."

In 1977, a parliamentary subcommittee headed by Mark MacGuigan, now Canada's external affairs minister, examined the penitentiary system and concluded that curative treatment for sex criminals was almost non-existent.

The MacGuigan committee recommended setting up several separate institutions for the treatment of sex offenders. None has been built.

At the time the prisons held 892 sex criminals, the committee reported, with only 71 participating in some sort of treatment program.

Three years later, figures from the Correctional Service of Canada show the number of sex offenders in the penitentiaries across the country has grown to 1,060.

"At most 60 of them are getting treatment in sex-offender programs," Pisapio says.

Sex criminals now make up more than 10 per cent of Canada's penitentiary population of 9,600. This does not include criminally insane offenders confined to institutions such as the Penetanguishene, Ont., Mental Health Centre.

Sex offenders in most federal prisons have access to limited psychiatric counselling but Pisapio says two-thirds of them spend their sentences in protective custody or solitary confinement.

"These people either just vegetate or they come out worse than when their sentences began."

Ms. Searle says the fear, frustration and fantasies these prisoners build up can "turn a man into a real animal."

"I wouldn't want to be around when he gets out. Some people think sex cases burn themselves out as they get older. It's not true.

Treatment of sex offenders in special institutions remains a distant prospect, penal officials say. And federal Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan says criminals are not high on the priority list in amending the Criminal Code.

COMMITTEE NOTES:

by FRED BEATON

YOU NOW HAVE A NEW COMMITTEE IN OFFICE, consisting of DARCY LUNN of Number Eight unit who accepted chairmanship from DREW HENNESSEY after he stepped down from the former committee; FRED BEATON of Number Ten unit; secretary, PAUL HICKEY, Number Ten unit; CHICO WOODEN, Number Nine unit representative; JOE DALRIPPLE, Number Eleven rep; and ROGER MARCOTTE also of Number Eleven unit.

But, let's not forget the efforts of our past committee who worked hard to get things like washers and dryers and the electronic amusement games into all the units. And, most important of all, let's not forget your Family Visiting Day which was planned and completed by DREW HENNESSEY who at that time was practically on his own as most of the other committee members had been released on parole and whatnot. These were by no means easy tasks and the past committee deserve a lot more gratitude and credit than is traditionally doled out around here. It is useful to keep in mind that the inmate committee is for you the inmate population: that's why we're here. None of us are paid to do the work we do, it is all done on our own time.

Your present committee would like to thank DREW HENNESSEY and the other members of our past committee for their time and hard work in trying to make our existence here a little easier for all of us. Thank you, guys.

Now, to get on to new committee business. To begin with, August 2nd, 3rd and 4th is our ANNUAL FIELD DAY; in short, it's going to be one hell of a three-day event. This year we are going to have a Baseball Tournament, consisting of approximately eight teams from within the population here. It will be set up as a tournament between Halifax, St. John's, Labrador, Newfoundland and so on. There will also be an Obstacle Course, Weightlifting Tournament and numerous Novelty Events along with races and track events. There will be a barbecue and a special movie -- "The Deer Hunter." All in all it should be a great three days for you to enjoy, so have a good time and eat well. Schedules will be posted in due time, watch for them.

For your information, the new inmate committee office is in Number Eleven unit (in the Broom Closet). In the near future we hope to have a tape sale, cassettes and 8-tracks. It's in the works and we hope to have it as soon as possible.

So, now you know a little of what's coming up and in the works. Use the inmate committee... that's what you elected us for. I hope you all have a good time at the Field Day.

(Written August the 7th)

CONGRATULATIONS GO OUT TO MELVIN RYDDICK, Athlete of the Day, AND BOBBY FARON, Sportsman of the Day, for their success in our ANNUAL FIELD DAY. They walked away with some fine looking trophies. I trust everyone had a good time. It really went off well this year.

The inmate committee and DREW HENNESSEY, past committee chairman, are going to put on a TAPE SALE in the very near future and we are looking forward to it going well.

The FIELD DAY PHOTOS should be back soon and will be put in an album for display purposes and you can order reprints from the originals. This will be done as soon as I can get the pictures in albums and catalogued. I will inform each unit when you can order reprints.

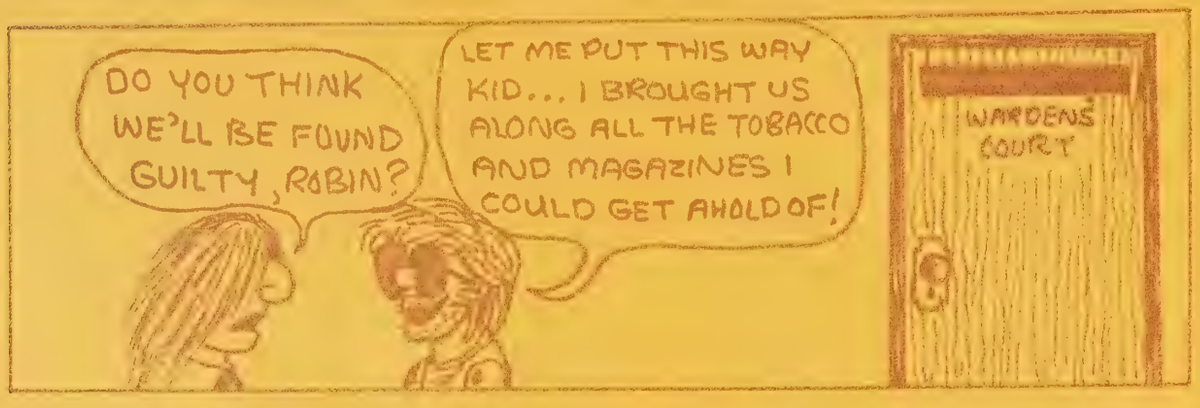
I am now your Inmate Committee Chairman. DARCY LUNN is still on the committee but stepped down from the chair due to previous commitments. I will do my best to make this joint a little better to live in and, if any of you have any ideas, bring them to me or your unit rep and we'll do our best to help you. If you have any problems or complaints, bring them to us also. That's what you elected us for.

The new V. & C. yard should be open very soon. We are putting a coffee machine in the V. & C. area for the convenience of guys getting visits and their guests. We are also putting a MUSIC SYSTEM in the DINING HALLS. They are out at stores right now and are just waiting to be hooked up. A good var-

iety of music will be played according to a schedule.

Well, that's all that's taken place over the last month or so. Oh, yes, the WAHSERS AND DRYERS are finally being hooked up. Sorry for the delay, guys.

Take it easy, but take it all.



DAY PAROLE IS A FORM OF DAY RELEASE FROM AN INSTITUTION INTENDED TO serve as a gradual release and testing program. Both federal and provincial inmates must submit an application to be considered for day parole. Day parole may also be considered at any review for full parole without an application for day parole being required.

	76-77		77-78		78-79	
Federal applications	3,199	100%	3,339	100%	4,103	100%
Granted	1,767	55	2,020	60	2,830	69

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BASIC FACTS ABOUT SOUTH AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA HAS BEEN DIVIDED INTO WHITE AND BLACK LAND AREAS — one-seventh of the land for the 19 million blacks and six-sevenths for the 4 million whites. Every major city and town in the country is reserved for white ownership and control.

The apartheid political system decrees that blacks have no rights except in the reservations set aside for them by the white government. These areas, known as "Bantustans," comprise but 13 percent of the land. Africans are defined as "temporary sojourners" in the "white" urban areas. Thus, by definition, they are deprived of all political and economic rights in 87 percent of their country.

The effects of domination and exploitation are clear:

— White per capita income is about fourteen times that of the African-$133 a month for every white man, woman and child; $9.50 a month for every African.

— Over 80 percent of all Africans live below the poverty line.

— three out of every five children born in the Bantustans die before reaching the age of five. The death rate is 25 times that of white children; tuberculosis, a frequent aftermath of malnutrition, is 10 times as common among Africans as whites.

— Whites have one doctor for every 455 people,one of the highest doctor-patient ratios in the world; the black doctor-patient ratio is one to 18,000 in urban areas, one to 200,000 in rural areas.

— 93 percent of whites of high school age go to school; for blacks, the figure is 8.9 percent.

Prosperity for South African whites has been achieved through the systematic denial of political rights and the economic exploitation of its black majority. Whites, who comprise only 17 percent of the population,take home over 76 percent of the wealth. Why does such a large disparity exist?

— Whites may apply for any job; blacks are restricted to certain jobs no matter what their skills.

— Whites organize trade unions and may strike for higher pay; blacks go to jail for striking while their trade unions receive no legal recognition.

— The state spends approximately $350 a year for educating each white child, only $30 for a black child. Education is free and compulsory for whites; it costs the average black parents from one third to one half of their income to put their children through school.

South Africa has banned 1,246 publications;every issue of 41 periodicals has been declared undesirable. Every two and a half minutes someone is arrested under the pass laws. On an average day, 100,000 people languish in jail; every fourth day, on the average, someone is executed by hanging.

South Africa is a police state denying basic human rights and freedoms to most of its people. African men and women must carry passes; they may live or work only where the stamp in their passbooks — put there by a white official — decrees. In fact, 640,000 people are arrested and jailed each year for infringement of the pass regulations. There are about one million migratory laborers in South Africa, men who are forced to leave their families behind in the Bantustans to live in prison-like,single-sex compounds, often 16 to a room. Whites vote and make laws in Parliament; blacks cannot.

Those accused of participating in "illegal political activities" are detained without trial and often tortured.

(From THE RIGHT TO SAY NO TO A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY, SAMRAF, 1979)

We got this item from the February-March 1980 issue of third world and you can get much more by sending $7.00 (Mexican) to third world, Periodistas del Tercer Mundo, Apartado 20-572, MEXICO 20, D.F. It's the most informative journal on what's going on around the world that we've come across.

Students Made Man Believer

Amherst Daily News

THICKET PORTAGE, Man. (CP) -- GEORGE PONANSK, a local commercial gardener, was skeptical when a youth group building a greenhouse as a community project decided to heat it using solar power.

"I always thought it was a good thing for southerners to play around with," he said. "I didn't think it would do us any good in our climate."

However, the students made a believer out of Ponansk. When March temperatures dropped to -20C in the community 50 kilometres south of Thompson, it was a balmy 40 inside the greenhouse.

Now Ponansk is talking about a year-round growing season, instead of the five to six months he now is limited to.

"It could mean we'd be growing poinsettias at Christmas, lilies at Easter and tomatoes all year around."

The solar unit was constructed by nine members of the federal government's Kotimivik youth program, which assists communities with local projects.

A 34-square-metre solar panel on the south side of the buildng is built on a 60-degree angle to allow about 70 per cent of the sun's ultraviolet rays to penetrate and heat water-filled tanks and drums. The two 1,000-gallon tanks and 12 45-gallon steel drums are painted black to absorb the rays.

Group leader Dave Wood said the system produces temperatures of 35 to 40 during the day and a minimum of 20 around the clock.

GIVES A BOOST

A woodstove is placed between the tanks to give the system a boost on cloudy days and cold mornings.

The north wall and sides of the green house are insulated with 14-centimetre glass fibre, five-centimetre plastic foam, plywood and esbestos shingling.

The unit was built at a cost of about $2,000. Wood said it could easily have cost $10,000 but for the group's "well-known skills in foraging for supplies."

The tanks were found in the bush where they had been abandoned by an oil company.

"There was quite a stir when we rolled them through town."

Most of the lumber and other construction materials were found around the community. One contractor who was building a nursing station agreed to let the students have all his left-over materials if they cleaned the station before the nurses moved in.

Students who sign up for the federal program are paid $1 a day spending money and receive $1,000 if they complete the nine-month program.

They work at a variety of activities, such as the solar greenhouse, aimed at assisting a community's economic and social development.

"They have given us a solar heating plant that could help our (growing) industry become viable," said Polansk. "They have also given our kids a lot of help in organizing sports and entertainment."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Anyone coming across projects or articles about projects which demonstrate the effectiveness of people organizing themselves around concepts of self-reliance, community awareness to political issues, and any kind of community activity which replaces imprisonment with community involvement, should be aware that we are looking for these kinds of items for publishing in our magazine.

Scott nursery opens

The Springhill Prison tree nursery is a joint venture of **Scott Paper International, Inc. Canadian Timberlands division** (associated with Scott Maritimes Limited) and the Canadian government. The project is the only one of its kind in Canada.

Springhill is a federal institution located 100 miles west of Scott Maritimes' mill at **Abercrombie Point.** The nursery inside occupies a 20-acre site.

The development of the nursery was the direct result of an earlier and on-going Scott/Correctional Services project which involves inmates working outside the institution in forests at the company's Shulie Lake logging camp.

"The Shulie Lake project is particularly unique because it originated as an idea from the inmates themselves," said **Bob Murray,** Scott Maritimes woodlands manager.

"Inmates wrote to Scott in 1973 and asked if the company would be interested in assisting in a training program. The company investigated and acted upon the inmates' idea.

"Scott provides the Shulie Lake project with machinery and the expertise to train inmates to become competent wood harvesters," Bob said. "The Correctional Services provides supervision of the inmates (day parolees) who are paid by Scott for the wood they cut. The money may be saved by the individuals or sent home to their families."

The success rate of rehabilitation of the inmates participating in this project is higher than the national average. Some 87 percent don't go back to prison.

It was the success of the Shulie Lake project, in fact, that encouraged advancement of plans for the nursery inside the prison.

"The correctional people think that instead of just sitting in prison for three or four years, inmates should be productive and learn a skill," explained Bob.

The details and agreements for the nursery were eventually worked out and the construction phase began June, 1979.

The Canadian government provided over $1 million in capital for construction and initial funding for the operations of the project. Annual funding for the nursery will be provided by the Correctional Services and Scott.

When fully operable, the nursery will employ 24 inmates to grow 5 million tree seedlings each year.

The construction phase of the project was completed on schedule last December.

"We employed a total of 65 inmates at one time or another during the nursery's construction," said **Warren Zwicker,** assistant superintendent of development. He has overall responsibility for both the Shulie Lake and Springhill projects. Three other Scott employees manage the nursery: **Paul Bourque** is nursery supervisor; **Tom Matheson** and **Michael Pittoello** are assistant supervisors.

"Inmates are actually on a regular Scott payroll," said Paul. "Working for Scott gives them an incentive for higher productivity. The wages paid are higher than those paid for similar jobs in other institutional programs."

With construction completed, the first growing cycle has begun.

"It's a continuous cycle," explained Warren. "The winter cycle begins in January and the spring cycle begins during May-June.

"There is a period of from 18 to 22 weeks from the time the seeds are planted to the time they germinate and are ready to be moved to the shelter houses from the greenhouses," Warren explained. "They stay in the shelter houses three or four weeks to become acclimated to the outside

weather."

The young plants are subsequently transferred to the holding fields, where they remain until needed for planting.

The species of trees being grown at Springhill include: black, white and red spruce and red, jack and white pine.

Springhill prison director Willie Gibb says the nursery project has had a very positive influence on the institution.

"There was a line (of inmates) all the time waiting to get into the Scott program," the director said.

"People are working harder," he added. "The inmate work ethic has improved and the project has had a positive effect on the prison staff."

The **Halifax Chronicle Herald** had this to say in an editorial:

"The Springhill Prison nursery builds productivity into the penal system, eases the prospect of idleness and boredom and encourages inmate participation in the future needs of society."

R.C.M.P. FIGURES FOR SEIZURES AND PROSECUTIONS RELATED TO CANNABIS POSSESSION SHOW THAT 22,427 KG OF GRASS WERE GRABBED AND 20,430 PEOPLE WERE CHARGED. THESE FIGURES RELATE ONLY TO R.C.M.P. FILES AND DON'T INCLUDE OTHER LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES.

DURING 1978, FRAUDS VALUED AT $570,300,000 WERE INVESTIGATED BY THE R.C.M.P. AND THERE WERE 4,381 PROSECUTIONS.

PROPERTY OFFENCES ARE REPORTED TO BE UP 5.3% FROM WHAT THEY WERE IN 1977, SAYS THE R.C.M.P. STATISTICS FOR 1978.

Good Time

by Donna Allen

THE BACKGAMMON TOURNAMENT THAT WAS held Monday, July 28th, in the auditorium was a success. The game was scheduled for 40 players and the turnout was close to the original plans. The man directly responsible for the tournament was KENNY EDWARDS and the success and enjoyment was due to his determination to get it off the ground. The game was set down into two divisions -- A and B. The winners of these two divisions then played off in the final game.

The outcome of both divisions are as follows:

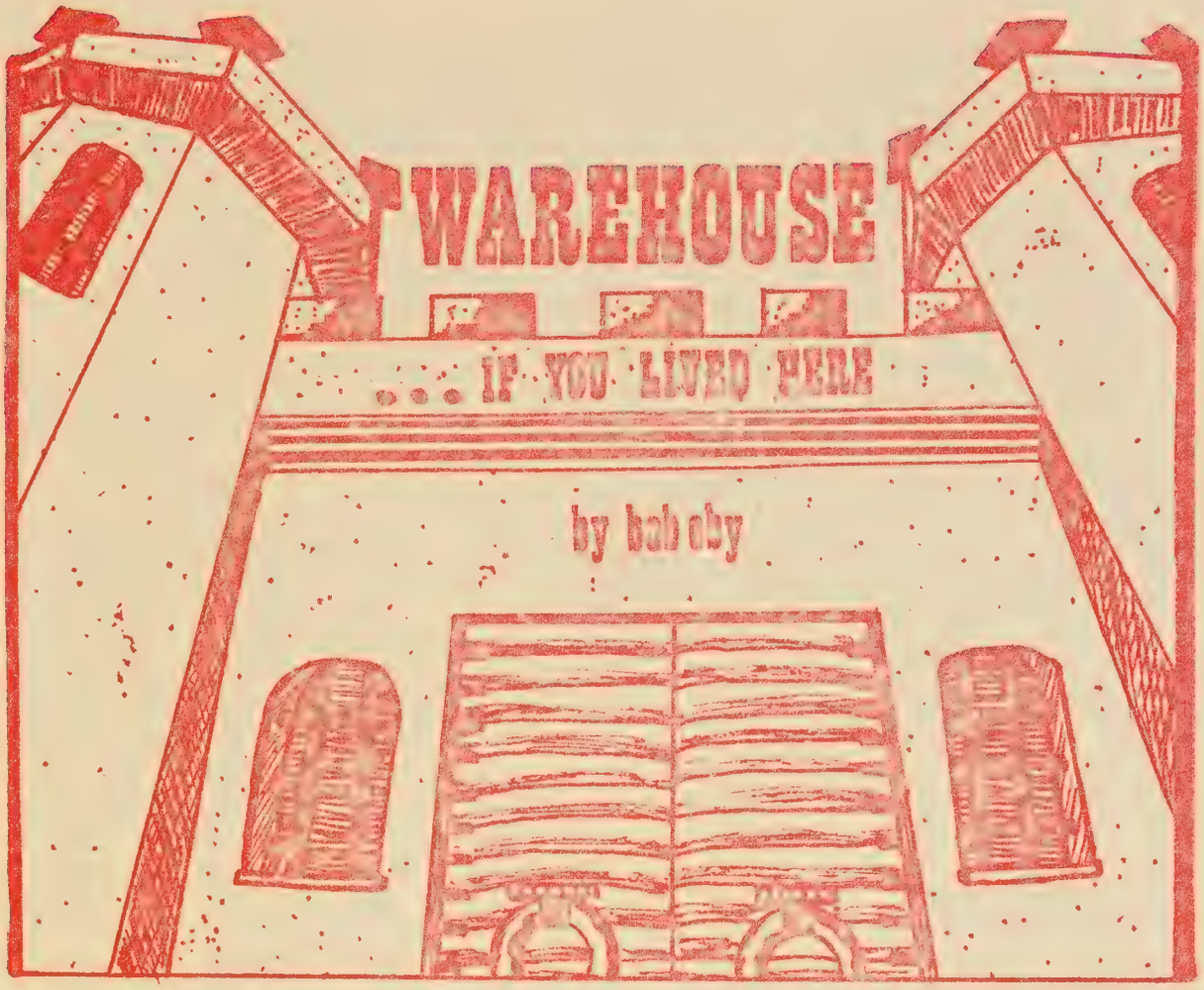
A Division
Semi-final - R. ENGLAND
Winner - G. GADOURY

B Division
Semi-final - D. LUNN
Winner - D. WAMBOLDT

FINAL GAME WINNER -

DON WAMBOLDT

Thanks to all the players for your cooperation and enthusiasm. You made the tournament the success that it was. And, again, thankx is extended to K. EDWARDS and to RON ARSENAULT for their time.



WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

The Ripper And Us

EVERY TIME I HEAR ONE OF THE "NEW" CORRECTIONAL TYPES MAKE ANOTHER proclamation about how "Prisoners will no longer be allowed to just lie around serving their sentences: the new penological program calls for a full day's work, just like people in free society have to live with" I find it amusing... sick, yes, but nonetheless amusing.

The first shop they stuck me in when I hit Anitown back in '62 was the Carpenters Industrial. It was where I learned all about working in a factory, for no money, doing shit work and being treated like that was the way it was s'pozed to be by the bosses -- just like free folks, eh. There were one hundred and twenty-five of us in the shop and we got paid from 25 to 60 cents a day -- that was back before inflation hit the penitentiary system... most of us are now getting about a dollar a day, some 18 years later. Progress.

We used to leave our cells in the Main Dome at 8:15 in the morning and head for the production line they had set up in the shop. The quitting-time work-dome bell would go at 11 o'clock and we'd single-file it past the bull at the shop door, where he'd pat us down before we headed back through the Main Dome to our cells. Almost always, somewhere along the route back to the Main Dome, they'd be waiting for us. There'd be fifteen or twenty of them, all standing in a line, with the metal detecter ramp straddling the doorway into the Main Cell Block. You'd walk through the arched uprights of the detecter, up over the ramp with its electronic squealer, hoping your belt buckle wasn't going to trip the alarm and bring them swooping down on you, forcing you to strip for a skin-fan. After passing through the metal finder you'd be felt-over by a uniformed security bull. More often than not, they would put the youngest and newest screws on this detail... helping them "get a feel for your jobs," "give you a taste of what convicts are like," "show you why ya gotta keep yer eyes peeled fer dese bastids."

After eating lunch in your cell, you'd head back out to the shop at the beckoning of the work-bell. It pealed its commands at 1 o'clock and you had to march single-file out to the shop, to begin the afternoon's work. The afternoon sessions ended at 3:15. After being patted down by the shop bulls when you left, you went to the yard for afternoon exercize. At that time, we used to get out of our cells to go to recreation every second night for two hours at a time, so almost everyone went to afternoon exercize, winter and summer, rain or shine. It was a five-day-a-week gig and the only union was the sexual ones some of the more adventuresome "fellas" used to get into down behind the lumber pile.

The screw who ran the shop was a little Limey guy who weighed about a hundred-and-twenty pounds. His uniform was always covered in sawdust and hung on his body as though meant for two people his size. He stood about five-foot-five and had a mouth that weighed 72 pounds holding still, which it rarely did. His ego was fatter than the Queen's and he figured that because prisoners were doing time they were his to rule as he saw fit. It always amazed me how we let the little bastard live. I had always thought it a miracle that he hadn't been fed through the planer or joiner, something which would have put him in proper perspective. There haven't been many people I've met who deserved to be at the hands of a man like this one, which just goes to show you how long you can remain naive. Here I sit, my third time in the pen for burglary, having been done every which way imaginable, and I'm still thinking like a fucking virgin; thinking that prisons were ever meant to be anything other than ways for certain kinds of people to fuck over other kinds of people. Why should I have expected an asshole like this tomato-faced little twerp to be any different than he was? Where would a notion like that come from? Isn't that what prisons are all about? Aren't they supposed to be run by the worst assholes you can find, to do the dirty work no-one else will touch, to do as much mischief to the others who were asshole enough to get caught doing what most assholes do? Isn't that what it's all about? I dunno... what can I tell you.

Anyway, we used to call him Ripper because of the way he ran, actually ran, around the shop trying to catch guys doing things he figured they shouldn't be doing. Some of the antics were pretty fantastic, bizarre. I remember one guy named Palmer who used to consider it great fun to sniff the contact cement (this was back before there were "sniffers," mind you... back in the olden daze) and get himself whacked out of his tree. He'd then go into one of his commando routines,meaning he'd start crawling around the shop on his hands and knees, looking for someone to ambush. You never knew for sure that he was just playing or what was going on in his head. One day the Ripper started prowling around the shop on the lookout for trouble-- usually some he could make for somebody else. This particular day, Palmer had taken some paper and burnt it, crushed it up in his hands and then smeared it all over his face. He was down behind the glue-up press when the Ripper came down the stairs, that predatory look in his blood-shot eyes. Palmer spots him coming, so he grabs one of the wood-turning chisels they use on the lathe. The thing must have been a foot-and-a-half long. It looked like a fucking sword. He spots the Ripper coming his way, so he ducks down behind the glue-up press, waiting... to do who knows what.

The Ripper (I almost said, unsuspectingly... the little prick suspected even himself and his own mother of being wrong and up to something) comes slinking along, minding everyone else's business, and passes right by where Palmer is crouching down behind the press. Just as the Ripper is about to get out of arm's reach, Palmer jumps up,and with a blood-curdling, put-the-fear-of-God-into-you, there-goes-my-parole scream, grabs the Ripper around the neck from behind, screaming "Krrrrrraauuuuts, Krrrauuuuts, I've got one of the bastards... I've got me one, Men." He's got his left arm around the Ripper's skinny neck and has his right arm poised out over the Ripper's head with the foot-and-a-half long chisel pointing down at his chest.

We freaked. I mean, Jesus Christ... there is a gun cage over in the corner of the shop from where an armed sentry can poke his 30.30 rifle into the room and start snapping off caps, and here we've got one of the locals with a bull by the neck and threatening to turn him into a turned ash-tray stand or something. What the Christ do you do in a situation like that? I mean, you sit solid and mind your own, right? Wrong!

Half the guys in the shop jumped up and put themselves between Palmer and the gun-cage in the corner, blocking the screw's view. Palmer's still screaming,"I've got the little Kraut, I've got the bastard, Men" and waving the goddamned wood chisel around in the air. The Ripper isn't saying a word... he's hanging off Palmer's arm, the one around his neck and staring, bug-eyed up at the hovering chisel. We didn't know what the hell to do.

As quickly as it had started, Palmer lets go of the Ripper and starts yelling, "Ya stupid little bastard, ya crazy little twerp, ya believed me! I scared the shit outta ya! ya believed me!" He was jumping up and down in front of the Ripper like he'd just found out his rich aunt died and left him a glue factory or something.

The Ripper just stood, looking bewildered, not saying a word,doing nothing. No-one said anything. Who knew what the hell was going on? What could you say? Nothing... right? Wrong again.

A half dozen guys started banging the Ripper on his back and saying things like, "Jesus H. Christ, Rip... yer some Jesus man. Did ya see him guys? He didn't bat an eyelash when that maniac grabbed him! How many screws ya know can take a joke like that? Eh, how many can? What nerve!"

The Ripper, getting everybody's attention, started laughing. He was giggling, almost chortling, to himself and it became obvious that he couldn't stop. Palmer stood, a grin splitting his cretin face across the middle, not sure what was going on. The Ripper started banging him on the back, laughing, saying, "Ya crazy Fucker, didya want ta get us bot' killed? Ya crazy bastard. I oughtta lock ya up fer the rest of yer bit, ya dumb fart."

"Awww, come off it, Ripper. Ya loved it..." said almost the whole group in unison, "it was just like when ya was back in the War and ya wuz knockin' the shit outta them Germans again. Com'on, Rip, whataya mad about... would that fuckin' warden of had the balls to stay cool? It wuz like ole times, Man."

The one thing I never understood about that day was howcome the bull in the gun-cage didn't tumble to what was going on....

That kind of thing used to go on on a daily basis. It was a madhouse, a place where guys who got booted out of shops, other than the Mail Bags,ended up. We had them all, including the Ripper.

The two-and-a-half years I put-in in that shop we worked on one government contract. They had us making what they called litter trestles. They were made out of dust-making pine and were made in pairs... one for each end of a stretcher; you know, the kind of thing they would use to lay stretchers out on during wartime. The joint had a contract for 40,000 pairs of these things; and, guess where they were headed... they were to be used in the atomic bomb shelters they had in Ottawa for the politicians. These things were to be used to lay politicians out on after an atomic bomb hit,the same dudes who were working at getting Canada into more wars,and the same people who spent their lives making sure the country remained the kind of place that will always need prisons and people to fuck around and be fucked around. And, you know, somewhere in there lies a germ of justice... somewhere.

A HARP PLAYER'S DREAM

by Jon Gindick

This is your big night. You are auditioning for the Stallions, the country [illegible] Friday, Saturday and Wednesday nights. They say they need a harmonica player. Could it be you?

The band is setting up the equipment.

"What kind of mike do you use?" the bass player asks.

"Oh hell, I don't care," you say carelessly,wondering if you should bother to tell him that the only experience you've had with microphones was when you serenaded your ex-girlfriend over the telephone.

The lead guitar player sits on his amplifier and tunes his guitar. Incoherent notes leap from his fingers. You try to remember how to find an E note on a C harp in case he asks you. Finally you remember that 5blow and 2blow are both E's on your C harp. You play 2blow. But by this time he is already tuned. He ignores you, and you turn away.

Playing softly to yourself, you think about how badly you want this job now that your unemployment insurance is ending. The thought of returning to your old job at the carwash is frightening. You thump the spit out of your harp with the palm of your hand and look around the room with a nervous smile. The music is starting up. The drummer hits his high hat. The bass player grabs his bass. They grin at each other and start to play. You panic. They haven't tuned with you,and you don't even know what key they're in. What harp should you use? Damn! You wish you had that book here with you.

The bass and the drums are laying down a solid crash-and-bang with their furious plucking and pounding. The lead guitar player leaps high into the air, and his flying fingers whip a fury of notes into the brew. His guitar whines, groans, exhalts and all of it right into your ear. You fight your way through a maze of wires and microphones to get over to him.

"What key are you playing in?" you shout.

He smiles at the dance of his fingers, lips curved into an expression of ecstasy and rapture. He doesn't hear you.

In angry desperation you turn to the bass player.

"What key?" you shout over the music.

"A," he mouths, and you whip out your A harp.

It sounds horrible. A loud, bleating honk right in the middle of the break. You begin to feel clammy now. That old feeling that you were born a loser and will always be a loser comes creeping back. Furtively,you look up from your hands. Did they hear that bad note?

Then you realize your mistake. You hadn't played cross harp. Key of A, huh? You count up four from the A — A, B, C, D — take your D harp from your gunstrap harmonica belt, and try again.

Puckering your lips over the fourth hole of the harmonica you carefully suck, and you listen to how the single note you are playing merges with the band. They aren't paying much attention to you and for this you are grateful. Already you can see yourself scrubbing windshields in your rubber suit. Suddenly you realize that the 4draw you are playing sounds pretty good.

You hold this note. It threads through the music and somehow it never makes a mistake. You begin to tongue it. Just steady little flicks of your tongue against the roof of your mouth — tat tat tatta tat tat — and voila! You're another John Mayall. You swell with pride and joy.

You had no idea it was so easy.

Then you realize that it isn't pride and joy that's making you swell. You've been drawing for thirty seconds and you're about to explode.

On the slimmest of chances you slide the harmonica to the third hole and courageously blow a narrow and controlled stream of air. Ah Sweet Lord. It works. It works! The band is looking at you with nods of approval.

"Get it on!" shouts the drummer.

You get it on. 4draw to 3blow. 3blow to 4draw.

"Wa Wa Waaaaaaaaa tat tatta tat!"

You are unbelievably hot. 4draw. That's your note. Your hot little honey of a note. Play 4draw, play; and 4draw plays.

You close your eyes and visualize the sounds you hear. All around you the music changes — chords, you suppose — but you play the same two notes and you never make a mistake. You feel as though you were in the eye of a hurricane, somehow saved from clashing with the music that roars all around you.

You gain confidence. "Maybe it's impossible to make a mistake," you think. You decide to try to play something fancier than just 3blow, 4draw. You play 3blow, 3draw, 4blow, 4draw. You hold 4draw for a long time, warbling and wailing, looking at the band with a triumphant gleam in your eye.

Then you decide to go back down to 3blow. You play 4draw, 4blow — YUCK! WHAT HAPPENED? The 4blow sounded terrible. You slide down over the 3draw to the 3blow — safe at last. Thank God.

The music ends and you modestly lay down your harp. Even though you made that mistake on 4blow, you played pretty darn well. You're jazzed and so is the band. The lead guitar player even says something about your "Primitive feel for the thing, you know what I mean, man..." You assure him that you do.

As you leave, the bass player asks if you can make the gig at Annie's Tugboat this Friday night. Playing it coy, you say you'll let him know.

Soon you and the Stallions are playing gigs all over the country and making more money than you know how to spend. One night a talent scout hears you, and within a month, you are signed and recorded. Your album becomes an instant success and "Rolling Stone" heralds you as being the greatest blues player of all time.

Not bad for a beginner. Not bad at all.

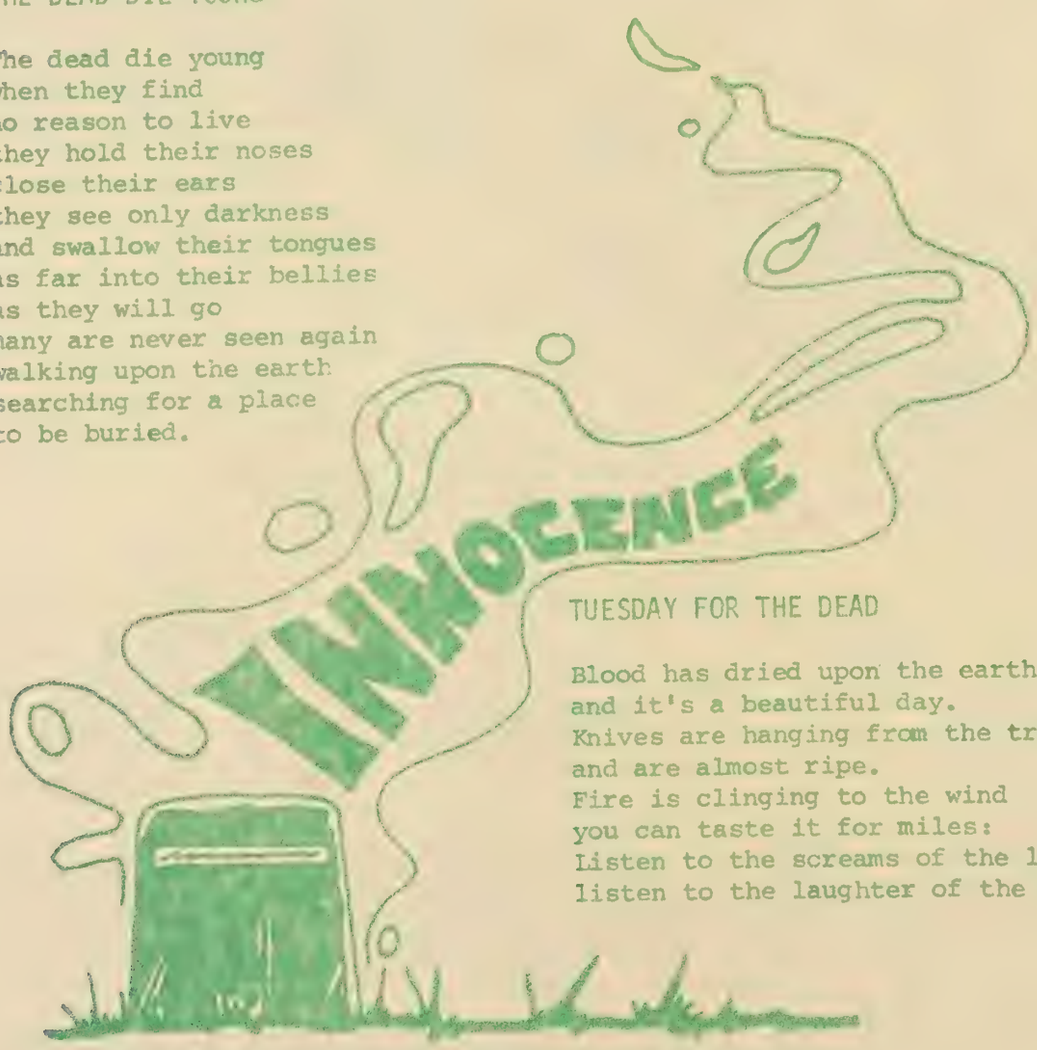
EDITOR'S NOTE: JON GINDICK has been playing country and blues harp for the past ten years, and teaching others for the last six. His book, THE NATURAL BLUES AND COUNTRY WESTERN HARMONICA: A Beginner's Guide, is, without a doubt, the most clearly written and understandable instruction method ever put down on paper. The reason the COMMUNICATOR is pointing this all out to you is that a harp is one of the few musical instruments that a dude or lady can play in a cell without messing up the neighbours, some of whom have been known to break heads for less. Cross harp, the method JON GINDICK teaches is the most expressive and easily learned form of self-expression there is and his book and tapes are the best deal we know about. Send $21.95 (American) to JON GINDICK, The Natural Blues & Country Western Harmonica, 1016 Flora Avenue, CORONADO, CA 92118 and get his book, cassette tape and a "Special 20" C harp. The offer includes a 15 day money back guarantee.

THE GUILTY ONE

I'm sleeping upside down these days
completely nude with thoughts of my
country burning beneath the fields
of my hair.
I keep my eyes open for signs
of vegetation between my nails.
I listen for that voice that
calls like a bullet from a gun
reminding me
everyone is unworthy of their life.

THE DEAD DIE YOUNG

The dead die young
when they find
no reason to live
they hold their noses
close their ears
they see only darkness
and swallow their tongues
as far into their bellies
as they will go
many are never seen again
walking upon the earth
searching for a place
to be buried.



TUESDAY FOR THE DEAD

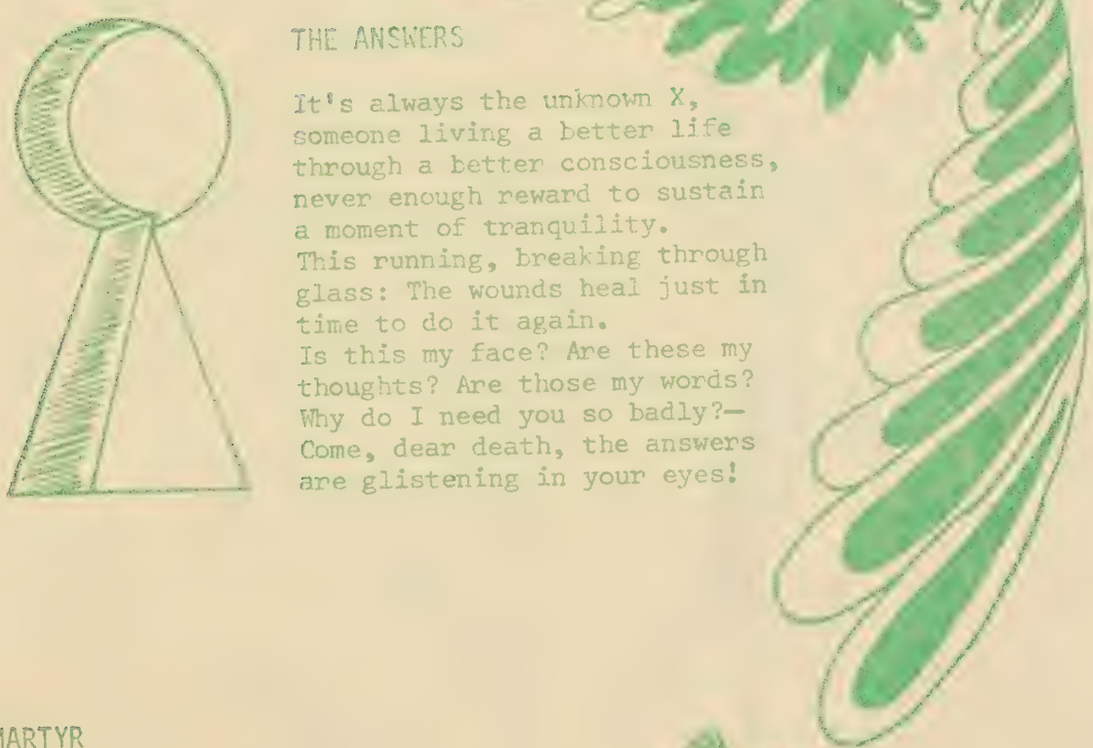
Blood has dried upon the earth
and it's a beautiful day.
Knives are hanging from the trees
and are almost ripe.
Fire is clinging to the wind
you can taste it for miles:
Listen to the screams of the living,
listen to the laughter of the dead!

MY DREAMS

my dreams do not tell me
the truth. they create scenes
that never happened and never
will. they expect me to awaken
believing in some kind of miracle,
but I'm too smart for my dreams.
I don't even believe in reality,
so when I go to sleep I just keep
my eyes open, repeat to myself:
I don't believe. I don't believe.
I never will.

THE GIFT

The penis is only a vehicle
a submarine
in the open sea
of a woman's body
but it wasn't always there
it took years of planning
to build something suitable
for such a mission
now
almost every woman has one
she controls its destiny
leading it like a magnet
into the unknown.



THE ANSWERS

It's always the unknown X,
someone living a better life
through a better consciousness,
never enough reward to sustain
a moment of tranquility.
This running, breaking through
glass: The wounds heal just in
time to do it again.
Is this my face? Are these my
thoughts? Are those my words?
Why do I need you so badly?—
Come, dear death, the answers
are glistening in your eyes!

THE MARTYR

The terror of what I've done
is always the realization
of what I haven't done.
A natural inclination
to stick pins in myself
as an expression of faith:
If I can do it why can't you,
destroy ourselves—
Go back to the beginning!

© Jeff Zable
San Francisco

The Cell of Self

I wrote frilly poems to my vanity.
They were all returned:
unread, black-out.

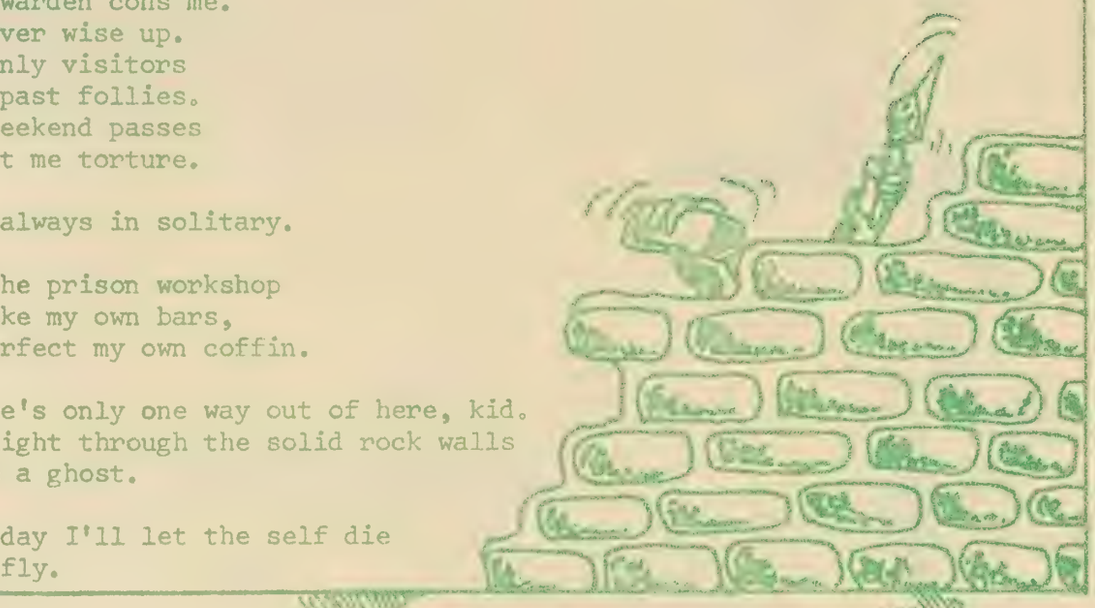
The warden cons me.
I never wise up.
My only visitors
are past follies.
My weekend passes
grant me torture.

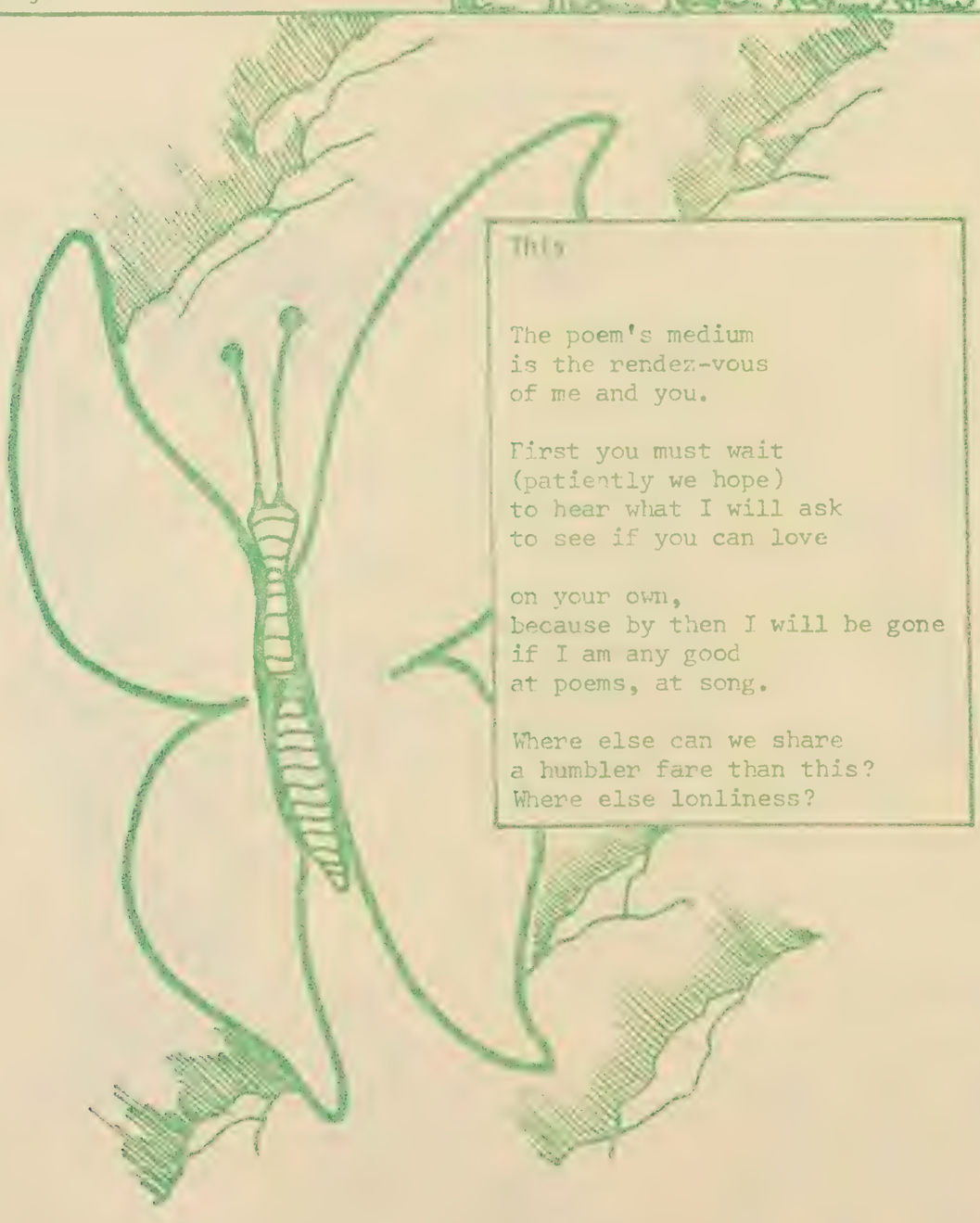
I'm always in solitary.

In the prison workshop
I make my own bars,
I perfect my own coffin.

There's only one way out of here, kid.
Straight through the solid rock walls
like a ghost.

One day I'll let the self die
and fly.





This

The poem's medium
is the rendez-vous
of me and you.

First you must wait
(patiently we hope)
to hear what I will ask
to see if you can love

on your own,
because by then I will be gone
if I am any good
at poems, at song.

Where else can we share
a humbler fare than this?
Where else lonliness?

From Cell 1-B2

We inmates get human contact
the only way we can:
violence.

It gives us the impression
of being real,
us creatures of lame fantasies.

The network of bars and cages
serves poorly as an antenna
for the TV.

We don't care.
We make our own
cop shows.

Rat in a Wheel

We have here a rat in a wheel.
An honest rat chasing and being chased
by thin air and going nowhere.

And so keen.
Too keen, in fact, to see
that running at breakneck speed
and wondering when it all begins
is too much
and too much like running behind,
losing ground as it catches up.

It must be like looking in
two directly-facing mirrors.
I've got to stop
believing I can see without me in the way.
I've got to stop
hunting in a haystack for a stack of hay.
I've got to stop.
I'm in a movie.
I'm part of the plot.
I can't get it stopped.

© B.K. Filson
Montreal

REMEMBER MIDNIGHT

Remember that night in midnight
as I was splashing home in ghetto rain...
you stopped your fun house just two inches from my knees and screamed,
"up against that wall darkie, you look wanted or something"
and how before my "but officer" statement ended
you smacked me on the manhood with your evenly notched
hand crafted, all-weather billy club, and as I reached for my hurt
you released and cocked the American dream because drill sergeant
O'Leary warned you that all niggers carry knives, remember...

Remember when you raised your arm in Nazi style
way back down in dixie fashion, ready to mash my nappy curls
between musty brick and Brooklyn concrete, and how before reality set in,
I awarded you a Bruce Lee chop and a Jim Kelly kick
and your saturday night special barked as it heeled
on no parking pavement, remember...

Remember that hellish smelling alley where it all began,
where there were no eye-witness-news teams or available snitches
other than midnight skies and puppy-sized rats that did not care who won,
just so long as somebody fell, because it was "thank God its friday"
and most of the community were either making love, getting drunk,
or going to jail, remember...

Remember the move, when I retreived your heart and soul
and my rainey brown fingers pointed that long black barrel
between your baby blue eyes, and as you pissed your pants
you cried something about your grandmother being colored, remember...

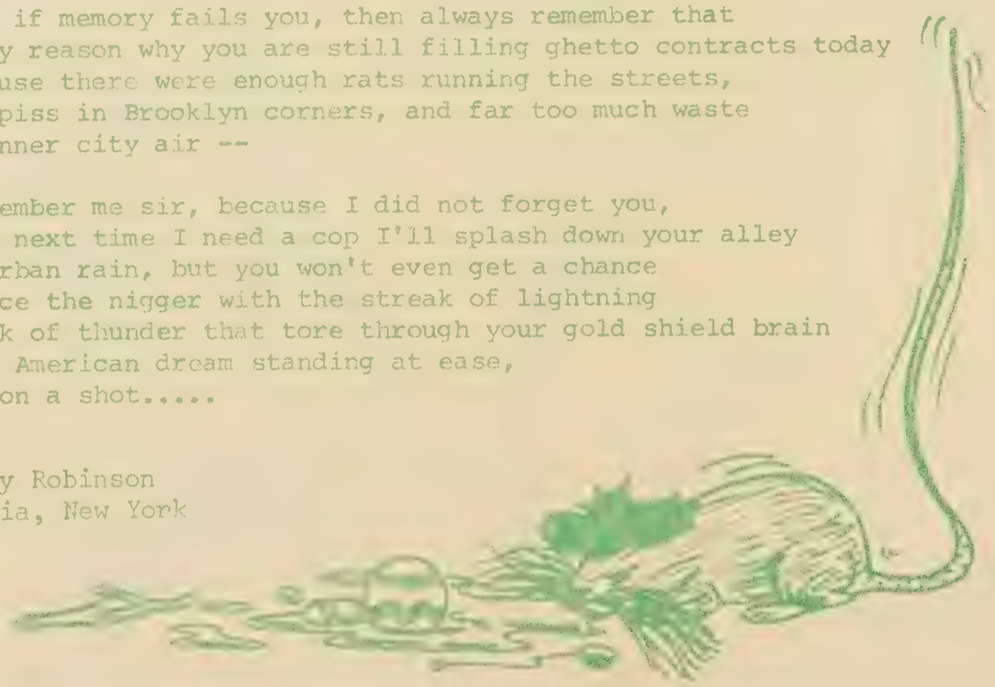
Remember how instead of doing my community
and your wife a real favor, I laughed and
wished Malcolm X could see me now, and flung thy God
in the bed of garbaged streets, remember...

Remember how you assumed prayer position at the tips
of my converse sneakers, thanking your Irish Jesus
that I was not one of the sons of Fred Hampton
or Bobby Clark or George Jackson who your fathers killed
in a sleeping pre-dawn raid or while trying to scale
the walls of San Quentin with an afro wig in that sister state,
remember whitey...
of course you do!

Because if memory fails you, then always remember that
the only reason why you are still filling ghetto contracts today
is because there were enough rats running the streets,
enough piss in Brooklyn corners, and far too much waste
above inner city air --

But remember me sir, because I did not forget you,
and the next time I need a cop I'll splash down your alley
in suburban rain, but you won't even get a chance
to notice the nigger with the streak of lightning
and bark of thunder that tore through your gold shield brain
from an American dream standing at ease,
laying on a shot.....

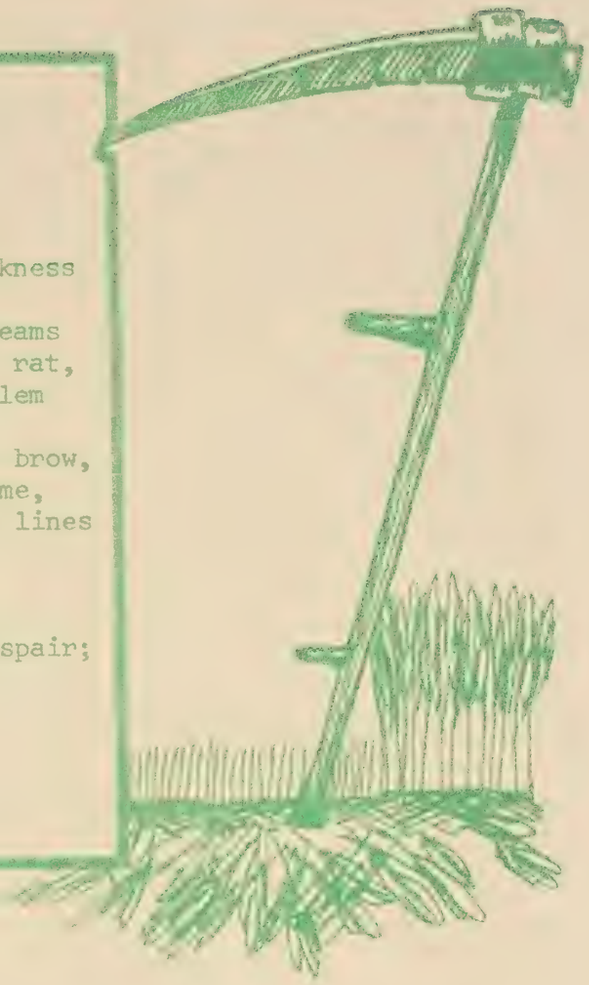
© Bobby Robinson
Onedia, New York



To Be Black

To Be Black is to be seated
In "Jim Crow" vain,
In lonely "South," on bus or train,
Because you're Black, and your Blackness
Is symbolic of shame
To Be Black is to hear a baby's screams
In the rain, while being eaten by a rat,
In some dilapidated tenement in Harlem
Or some other place the same
To Be Black is to see your Mother's brow,
After caring for somebody else's home,
Some other person's child; The long lines
Of distress and strain,
As they dis-figure the makeup
Of her frame
To Be Black is to search in deep despair;
Some other place,
Freedom somewhere

© Clinton Fields
Attica, New York



Malcolm X

Like a latter-day DuBois
You told the people they needed more than bread;
No life was good on bread alone.
You pulled my coat, man.

You spoke of self-help, not depending on others;
That no one knew or cared more
About us than we ourselves.
Self-preservation: the way of nature.
You pulled my coat, man.

You told of a living beauty in our blackness,
Of a fierce pride, and the respect
To be found in a history, a culture—
Obscure, but not forgotten.
You stood against the tide
And spoke the truth.
You pulled my coat, man.

J.C. Black, Jr.
Indiana

The Soul Speaks

Soft as a whisper
is her voice
lighter than atom's weight
are her caresses.
Long before creation
she was here
her rhythm is stillness
her wings are as vast
as space.
Peace is her greeting
Wisdom her gift
the soul loves her madly
for through her the soul
do speak
I must be quiet now
to welcome her

Hello Silence

© James L. Wilson
aka Akbar Ali

WILLIE GIBBS: Well, I suppose that that's the reality of the situation. You know,just recently we were discussing that very problem, because the instructors in the vocational school are feeling that. It used to be that a guy would come in here with grade twelve education who had, let's say, gotten involved in crime, for example drug trafficking. He might not even be very criminally identified, you know, have a long record or anything like that. But he gets pinched for four or five years or whatever, so he comes in here and says, "Well, gee, I'm going to spend fifteen or twenty months before parole time and I've got to do something with my time." Years ago, he would probably look around and say, "Geez, there's this brick laying course here, maybe I'll take that... if nothing else I can make a chimney or a fireplace for my cottage or house." So, he would go in there and he would be a relatively good student... he's be bright enough and he'd mind his own business and he'd make the bricklaying instructor look good. Now, that same person probably will look at E.D.P. and say, "Well, gee, maybe I'll go in there and make a few dollars." So, sure, that's attractive, but anytime that you breed opportunity you can't be everything to everybody, and somebody has to pay the price. But, you know, overall, I think we have to be pretty pleased with the kind of work opportunities we've created here. Sure there's guys who make minimum wage and there's guys who get bonuses who are in a minority. But as long as everybody has a crack at it, that's all we can do, all we can say. Sometimes it seems unfair that fifteen inmates can work and earn minimum wage and three hundred and seventy-five don't; but, on the other hand, everybody has a crack at that job. It may take him six months, it may take him six years to get it, but he's got an opportunity to apply for it. There may be fifteen reasons why he'll never make it, but at least he can apply. I still believe that education and trades training has a big part to play in this place in the lives of the inmates, and I think that if a person goes to work in Scott Paper at minimum wage in order to make three hundred dollars and not follow that up when he is released, then he's doing himself some harm by doing that instead of taking something educational or trade training. But we have to leave that initiative to the person. I don't care what people do here, as long as they do something. You know, like, if you work at the COMMUNICATOR and you get something out of that and it helps you, well, I don't care... that's okeh. As long as you don't waste your time. I hate seeing people waste their time, you know, sitting day in and day out examining their navels and wasting their time. There's no reason for that kind of thing happening here anymore.

COMMUNICATOR: There's been a whole new shift in the last three or four years which started long before Mr. Yeomans (the present Commissioner of Corrections) took over with his systems analysis approach, with the computer being used a lot more, with a business orientation coming down so that now we have a woman in charge of Inmate Employment who is very much oriented towards making the institutions more self-sufficient, which in itself sounds like a pretty good thing. We now have more programmes like E.D.P. and Scott Paper and that kind of thing, and they are part of the new look in corrections. Do you think there's a danger that the Canadian system will move too much towards what they had in the south not too many years ago, whereby there was a whole lot of prison industry going on but very little going on to do with actual rehabilitation... I know that's supposed to be a bad word, but that's a lot of nonsense... you know, rehabilitative kinds of themes?

WILLIE GIBBS: Yeh, sure, there's always a danger of that; but I think that our system is a much better balanced kind of system than the one in the States. We seem to have in the Canadian system, we seem to have some protections that they don't have in the States. For example, there are several states that have out-and-out outlawed parole in the last year or so. It varies among the different states, but, now, if you commit a crime and your are eligible for parole at a certain time; they are now saying you can't make parole, that you've got to serve all your time. Now, for something like that to happen here in this society, I just can't see it. There would be so much protection, there is, you know, whether it's through legislation, whether it's through pressure groups, civil libertarians or whatever. And the very same thing applies to our correctional service. Sure there is a tendency to have a more meaningful work day with the attached profits done by inmates and so on, and that's okeh; but I don't think that this institution for example has lost sight of psychological

services, of medical services, of psychiatric services, of case management, of chaplaincy services, of... like, all of these programmes are, as far as I'm concerned, as healthy as they were five years ago. They may be healthier now, because maybe in the past because there was so much unemployment in the institution inmates had a tendency to use those kinds of services and programmes through the day and manipulate them and so on. Now, I think they are involved in a more realistic kind of community inside the institution. Sure, like the Chaplains will complain to me... they'll say, "I can't get an inmate because he has to work," he can't go to a Marathon or something because he has to, he's tied up at work. But, you know, that's a bit of competition and that's not necessarily unhealthy. To answer your question in a nutshell, there's always the danger but I feel that there is enough protection against that happening. At least, that's what my experience has taught me. I can't speak for other institutions; but, even in other federal institutions, I think the protections are there.

COMMUNICATOR: Well, Mr. Gibbs, we won't be seeing you in this institution again, at least not as warden...

WILLIE GIBBS: No, I don't think I'll be a warden again; but, who knows? You never can tell...

COMMUNICATOR: (Laughing) Boy, have I learned that one the hard way. You never can tell...

WILLIE GIBBS: (Laughing) Yeh, you never can tell(still laughing). But, no, I don't think so....

'Odds Are You'll Break The Law'

(The Toronto Sun, June 12, 1980)

IT IS "STATISTICALLY PROBABLE" that everybody will, at one time or another in his life, commit a relatively serious crime, an associate justice of the Supreme Court of Quebec said yesterday.

JAMES HUGESSEN was addressing more than 300 delegates yesterday at the close of a conference on Alternatives to Imprisonment held at York University.

Hugessen also said he knows of no evidence to show that criminals are any sicker, mentally or physically, than the rest of the population when they are out of prison.

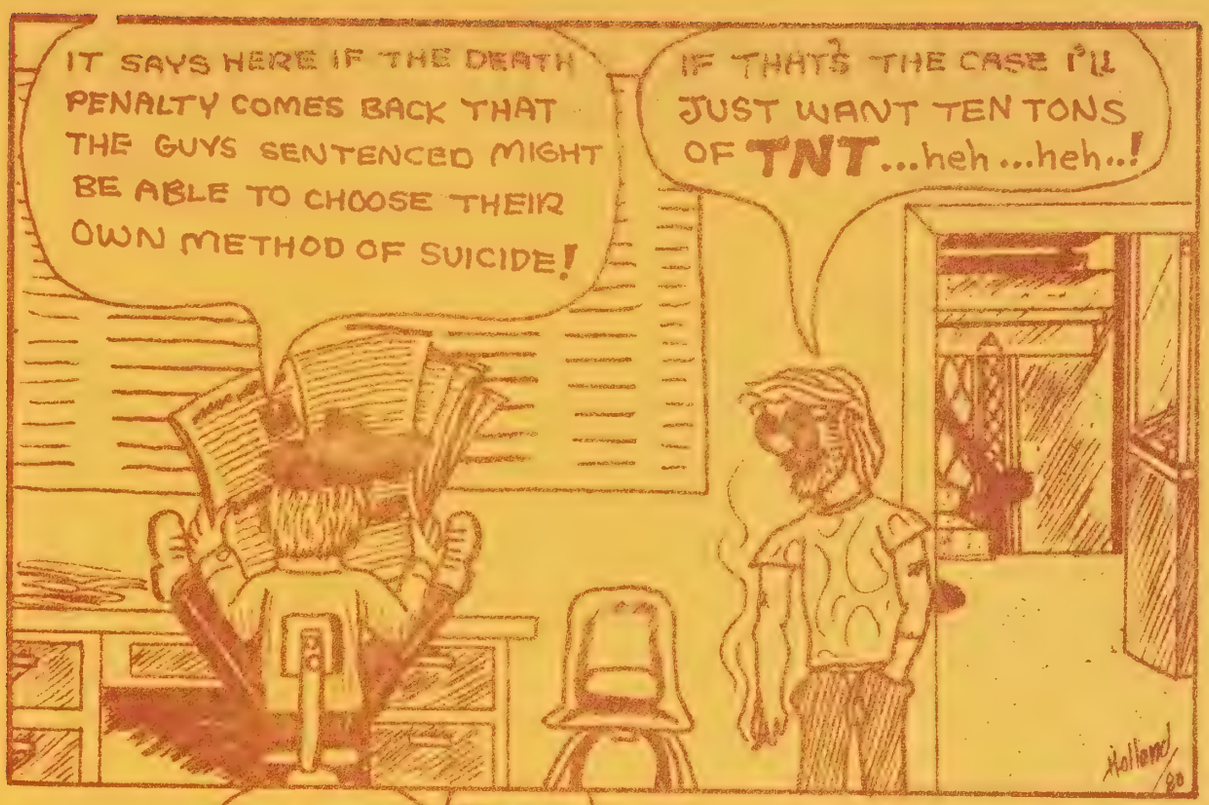
"Of course, what happens to their mental health once they're caught and locked up for long periods of time is quite another matter."

He said it's wrong to look at criminals as sick people who can be cured of a "disease."

"The causes of crime, assuming that they can be identified, are not necessarily or even likely to be found in the abnormal functioning of individuals and groups. . . Crime is a predictable and quite ordinary consequence of the way in which our society is organized."

Hugessen spoke critically of those who attempt to turn our criminal justice system into a therapeutic exercise.

He said he was not condemning educational and training programs in prisons, but that they should never be conditions for release.



NUMBER OF FEDERAL PAROLE TERMINATIONS DURING 1978/79

	#	%
Regular Expiry	888	73.4
Revoked (No offence)	148	12.2
Revoked (With offence)	123	10.2
Other (through death, etc)	51	4.2
Total terminations	1,210	100.0

BLESSED OR DAMNED

Please listen carefully and hear what I have to say.
Try to understand, what I am trying to convey.
God made all men equal, He said, "See yourself in me."
This means he is us, I am you, and you are me.
I am just a reflection of a part of your mind.
By looking in my direction, it is only you you'll find.
You and I are the same, yet we both are unique.
By looking for my faults, it's only yours you seek.
Why not look at you and see what you can find.
Then you'll never see me, you won't have the time.

Instead, see my kindness and experience your own.
Look past the blindness, see the love that has grown.
Reach out to me, as I reach out for you.
Look for the love so I can see the love in you.
A mirror is what I am, anything you want to, you can see.
You can be blessed or damned, for it's only you, you'll see.

Kenny Thorne
Dorchester 1978

SPORTSECTION

AL BALTZER

STATES AND TOWLER RETURN

The big news in FASTBALL is the return of DENNY STATES to NUMBER EIGHT unit and DAVE TOWLER to NUMBER NINE. Both are excellent pitchers and as the season grinds to a close they are big additions to their respective teams. It was Denny who led NUMBER EIGHT last year when they brought home all the silverware. Dave has always been an all-star calibre player.

With solid pitching on all three teams now the battle for the championship will be a tight one. At bat and defensively NUMBER EIGHT has to be rated on top, but NUMBER ELEVEN is solid as well. NUMBER NINE, while not as strong as these two teams offensively or defensively, will have to count on having the best pitching with JIM MacDONALD and DAVE TOWLER, the best 1-2 in here. If the playoffs turn out to be a long grinding affair NUMBER NINE should have a distinct advantage because of their pitching. It's certainly going to be interesting and we'll be watching carefully. For the team standings see below.

ANGELS FINISH FOURTH

The SPRINGHILL ANGELS,our entry in the Springhill Slo-Pitch League, finished their first season of competition on Thursday night with a 22-2 romp over I.G.A. The night before, they trounced THE FIREMEN 23-8. This clinched fourth place for the Angels and they begin post-season play this week against SURRETS.

Some say this was a poor showing for our team who were rated stronger than fourth, but competition in the league is strong and its only their first year. The lessons learned this year will hopefully be applied next.

As for the playoffs, the team looks really good, and its rumoured that big MEL REDDICK will finally be getting into action,a definite plus for our side.

THERAPEUTIC STILL ON TOP

In SLO-PITCH "B" BALL the season is also coming to a rapid close and once again this year it looks like NUMBER TEN is the team to beat; and,from the looks of things, it just might be NUMBER ELEVEN who beats them. With NUMBER EIGHT and NUMBER NINE virtually wiped out, the playoffs will be easy first rounders for 10 and 11, unless a miracle happens. In a prelude to what might be the kind of competition we'll see in the finals NUMBER TEN and NUMBER ELEVEN met on Friday night and the outcome was about as close as anyone could want, with NUMBER TEN winning by only one run.

FIELD DAY — The Lighter Side

FIELD DAY this year, while being serious and competitive,was also a little more fun than usual. The newest additions to the list of events were the SLO-PITCH TOURNAMENT and the OBSTACLE COURSE.

In SLO-PITCH, HALIFAX won the big prize with the NATIVE BROTHERHOOD finishing second. HALIFAX who had a strong team didn't win on talent though. They won on determination. In a nine inning game against the class of the tournament, THE LIFERS, they hung in there to win by a 9-8 score to propell themselves into the finals. They played exceptional ball throughout the tournament,but I believe it was team-spirit and the desire to win that did it. Both the LIFERS and the NATIVE BROTHERHOOD were capable of taking a chunk out of them, but both fell short.

As for the tournament itself, it went over fantastically well with eight teams entered. It lasted three days and everyone got to play three games. The teams entered were: HALIFAX, NATIVE BROTHERHOOD, LIFERS, DARTMOUTH,CAPE BRETON, KITCHEN, MISFITS and LEFTOVERS.

The second biggest drawing card of the weekend was the OBSTACLE COURSE. About thirty guys participated which isn't much, but not very many missed the fun. Everyone was there to see who broke the first leg going over the box, who was the first to drown going through the mud hole, or broke an

arm tumbling off the wall. The five winners were BIG BRI' VATOUR, DARCY LUNN, ROGER MARCOTTE, CHARLIE VATOUR and DREW HENNESSEY. The fun, however, didn't begin till after all was completed. One of the five winners decided that since he had to get covered in muck, so did everyone else. It might have ended with just a few well known Newfies getting dunked in the mud-hole, but as always these things seem to cause a chain reaction. The outcome was a very busy day for the cleaners. I think there were more people in the mud than any of the competitions.

FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

When all the results from FIELD DAY EVENTS were finally tallied, MEL REDDICK came out on top as ATHLETE OF THE DAY, WEIGHTLIFTER OF THE DAY, and also the big money winner with $65 worth of prizes.

SPORTSMAN OF THE DAY went to BOB FARON who worked hard all day but failed to win an event.

Breaking down the TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS we saw PROVO win the 50 YARD DASH; MARCOTTE, the 100 YARD DASH; and MEL REDDICK taking both the 220 and 440 YARD DASHES. BOOTS BOUTIN won both the ONE MILE AND THREE MILE RACES. MIKE LEAVER took the SHOT PUT, HENNESSEY took the DISCUS THROW, FLINT won the HIGH JUMP and BODHAINE scooped the BROAD JUMP.

"A" LEAGUE STANDINGS

	W	L	T	PT	GP
NUMBER NINE	11	7	1	23	19
NUMBER EIGHT	10	7	2	22	19
NUMBER ELEVEN	9	10	1	19	20

"A" LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES

MEL REDDICK	#8	.545
JIMMY MacDONALD	#9	.532
GEORGE SOCK	#8	.447
DOWLING	#11	.436
CHICO WOODEN	#9	.417
CHRIS BOUTLIER	#11	.387
G. SULLIVAN	#8	.365
MIKE MIFFLIN	#11	.357
JUNIOR MARSHALL	#11	.356
DWAYNE WILSON	#9	.351

"B" LEAGUE STANDINGS

	POINTS
NUMBER TEN	24
NUBER ELEVEN	22
NUMBER NINE	18
NUMBER EIGHT	18

MANDATORY SUPERVISION TERMINATIONS 1978-79

	#	%
Regular Expiry	1,634	59.4
Revoked (No offence)	532	19.3
Revoked (With offence)	433	15.7
Other (Death, etc)	154	5.6
Total terminations	2,753	100.0

Ecology Action Centre

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I have lost contact with the outside world and am very lonely. I am 23 years old and easy to get along with and will answer all who write. TOM DAUKSZA, Box 1000, OXFORD, Wisconsin 53952

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REGISTRATION No. 3704

POSTAGE PAID AT SPRINGHILL, N.S., CANADA

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED